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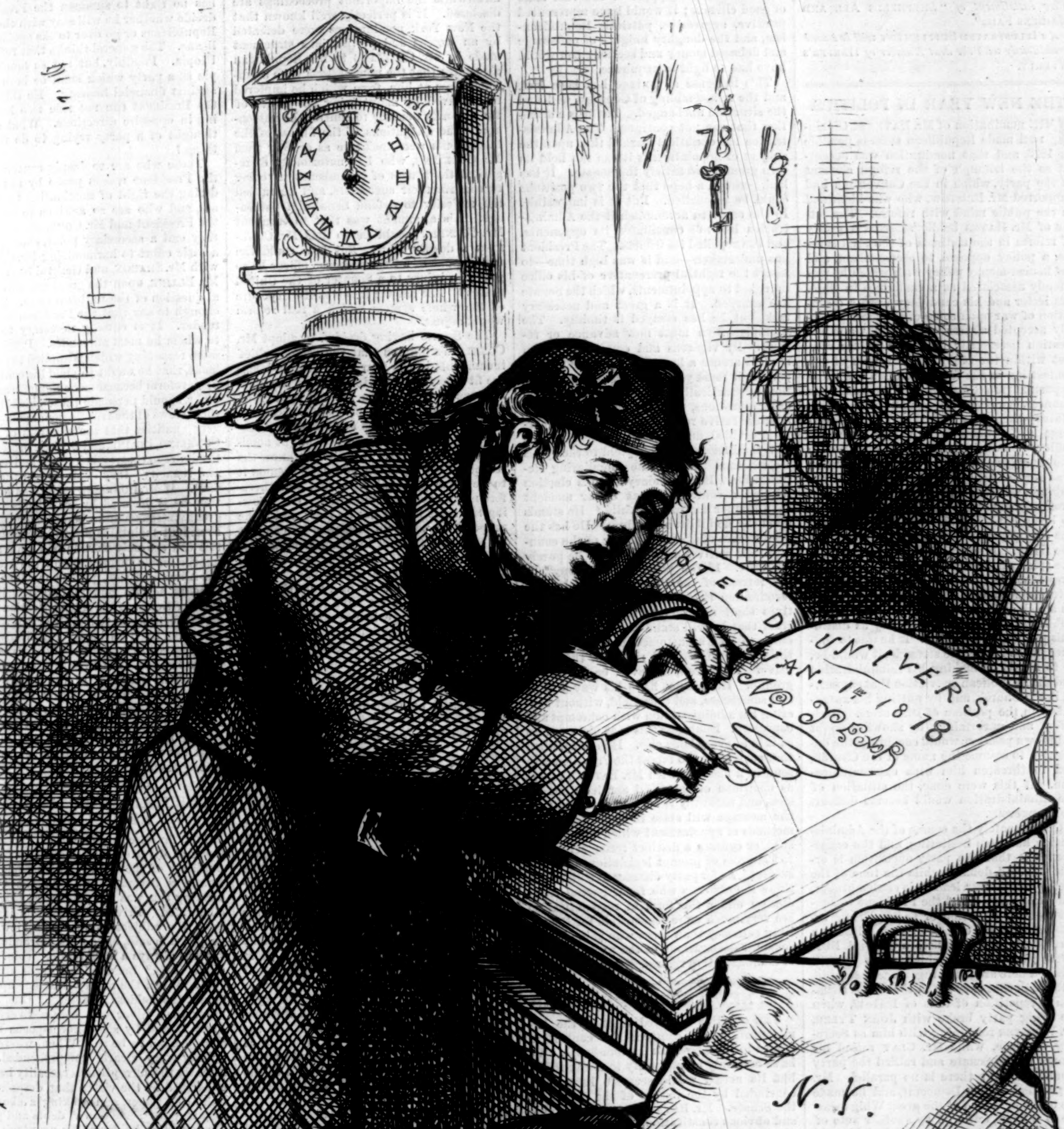

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THE NEWEST ARRIVAL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 12, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains two interesting pictures of the War in the East, the conclusion of* Miss Braddon's *Story,* "Thou art the Man," *and another installment of* "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair."

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THE NEW YEAR IN POLITICS.

The nomination of Mr. Hayes at Cincinnati made Republican success possible in 1876, and that nomination was accepted as the triumph of the reform element of the party, which in the Convention had supported Mr. Bristow, who was identified in the public mind with reform. The letter of Mr. Hayes boldly asserted a policy of reform in the methods of the civil service, a policy opposed to sectionalism, and the honest-money policy with which he was already associated as a candidate in Ohio. His letter and his candidacy were a declaration of war upon some of the most generally accepted abuses in the party, and his election necessarily implied a severe contest within the party. The source of the contest lay in the fact that upon the three important public questions of the time—the finances, the civil service, and the Southern States—there was a vital and decided difference of opinion in the party. The new policy was again trenchantly declared in the inaugural address, and the situation was further defined in the selection of the cabinet. It was a policy which, faithfully, promptly, and vigorously pursued, was sure to bring out the latent conflict, but it was the only policy that promised prosperity for the party. It was strictly in accord with the spirit of the Cincinnati platform. The President's letter had been accepted as the interpretation of that platform, upon which he stood, and it was known that he was a public man of singular sincerity as distinguished from a politician. If he was to conquer in the inevitable struggle, it would be, so to speak, by making his Administration and the Republican conviction that supported it the Church, and by putting his antagonists in the position of Dissenters. Hesitation and uncertainty, by showing doubt of his own position, would encourage the opposition to assume the name of the Church, and to threaten him with excommunication. If this were done, the situation of the Administration would become difficult and dangerous.

Unfortunately the course of the Administration has been hesitating, and the consequence is that the party opposition is organized, bold, defiant, while the tone of the hostile Republican leaders is contemptuous. They mean to compel the President to submit to their dictation or to "Tylerize," assuming that he can not go on without a party, and that he must, in General Butler's phrase, decide which party he will join. There are many ingenious spectators who think that they see in the actual situation a repetition of that of 1841–42, when the Whig party broke with John Tyler, Mr. Webster remaining with him as Secretary of State, while Mr. Clay raised his banner in the Senate and rallied the party around it. But there is no parallel. Mr. Tyler had been a Democrat, and he made the break by a veto of the great Whig measure of a bank, followed by another veto of a fiscal institution which he had himself suggested; and his whole course was merely a game for the succession. Mr. Hayes is entirely and naturally a Republican; he has distinctly pledged himself not to accept another nomination, and no one doubts his fidelity to his pledge; while his declared course is precisely that which he announced in his letter of acceptance and in his inaugural address, and which has been heartily approved by several Republican State Conventions. In the first issue practically joined with the Republican opposition, however, the Administration was beaten with weapons which its own inconsistency had furnished. We will speak plainly, because we are known to be friendly. If last spring it had suspended the Boston Collector and the New York Collector and Naval Officer on the ground that the Administration proposed, in accordance with the letter of acceptance and the inaugural address, to take the Custom-house out of politics, and therefore removed officers conspicuous for making the Custom-house and the civil service political machines, replacing them with men known in their communities as resolved that the service should not be so used, even General Butler would have had a glimmering idea of what civil service reform meant. If then the same spirit and purpose which would have been signally illustrated in this course had been equally evident in the treatment of the whole subject of appointments—as in some instances it certainly was—and the same care had characterized the details of the Southern policy, accompanied with the known convictions of the Administration as to financial honesty, it would have aroused the enthusiastic support of the vast mass of good citizens; it would have represented positive, aggressive, patriotic Republicanism, and the doughty knights of patronage and debased money and sectionalism would have had to fight or acquiesce.

This immense advantage has been lost, and the re-assembling of Congress will find the situation unchanged. But it is a situation that can not continue. The Administration has doubtless learned that upon the subject of appointments it can not hold its own ground and satisfy the Senate. It has had, perhaps, a hope that the two positions could be reconciled. But it is impossible. In the effort to accomplish it the Administration has not conciliated its opponents, and has repelled its friends. The President has undertaken—and it was high time—to assert the rightful prerogative of his office in regard to appointments, which the Senate has usurped. It is a great and necessary task, but he has essayed it timidly. The Administration must now advance or retreat. By vigorous and consistent action it must arouse a hearty and confident support, or it must yield. The Southern question is practically settled. Upon the two other questions, those of the finances and administrative reform, the Republican party is divided, and there is no more reason that the President should yield to the spoils Republicans than to the repudiating Republicans. His candidacy and his election implied a contest. What better moment than this for accepting it fully? He stands upon the Republican platform. He has the good wishes of the intelligence of the country. His motives are conceded to be purely patriotic. If the price of "harmony" be the retreat of the President from his determination that Senators and Representatives shall not dictate appointments, we trust that he will stand firmly and consistently, with his accustomed tranquillity, upon the just constitutional rights of the Executive. There can, however, be no middle ground. He can not have his way a little and sometimes, and then yield, without covering his administration with contempt and confusion. Doubtless this is as plain to him as it is to every body else. It is understood that soon after the recess the President will send in a message with Mr. Eaton's report as chairman of the Civil Service Commission, and naturally it may be expected that the message will state in some detail the methods of appointment which will be pursued, or contain a distinct recommendation to Congress of prompt legislation upon the subject. As for party disaster and discredit, those Republicans who favor partial repudiation under the form of remonetization are very much more responsible for Republican calamity than those who abide by the constant declarations of the party in favor of administrative reform.

THE NEW YORK NOMINATIONS.

The question is asked whether the Administration will continue the contest in regard to the New York Custom-house. We have certainly no authority to speak for it, but its action would seem to have been concluded by the nature of the debate in the Senate. Mr. Bayard stated the simple and obvious constitutional intention in saying that the President's right to nominate is unquestionable, and that the Senate is to advise and consent as to the fitness of the nomination, not of the removal. The actual power to prevent removal, however, is undoubtedly in the Senate. Yet until the Tenure-of-office Act was passed its practice was conformed to the view stated by Mr. Bayard. That act was intended to check Andrew Johnson, who was suspected of dangerous designs. It was modified under the administration of General Grant, so that the President is not now required to give reasons for the suspension or removal of an officer: and the demand of the Committee of Commerce to know the reasons for the Executive action in removing the New York officers was not in pursuance of law, and was a simple impertinence. If the Secretary of the Treasury gave reasons, he acknowledged a usurpation of the Senate. If he did not, the Senate, by its practice under the Grant administration, was bound to assume that the reasons were valid, and to consider only the fitness of the persons nominated.

The President is not informed officially of the reasons that control the action of the Senate upon nominations, and the law provides that when the Senate shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment, the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to the same session of the Senate for the office. But the action of all important executive sessions is always known. Senator Hamlin deplores the leakage, and asserts that he never converses with newspaper men upon public topics, so that he is relieved of suspicion. But there are seventy-five other Senators who have not exculpated themselves, and meanwhile the important proceedings are disclosed. It is perfectly well known that the New York nominations were defeated by an urgent and pertinacious statement made by Mr. Conkling to his Republican associates that the nominations were a personal blow at him, from which he implored to be saved by maintaining the power of the majority Senator to control the patronage. The allegations of the fitness of the incumbents were insincere as coming from Mr. Conkling, who has notoriously disregarded the fitness of incumbents in voting to confirm their successors, and he rallied the majority to defend Senatorial patronage. His argument was that to turn out Mr. Cornell would be to deal Mr. Conkling a deadly blow. But how could the turning out of a Custom-house officer be so grave an injury to a Senator of the United States? The answer involves the exposure of the whole system which a real reform would adjust.

The Senate having decided to adopt Mr. Conkling's opinion that the present chief incumbents in the New York Custom-house are fit officers, and having rejected the nominations for that reason, and not because of the unfitness of their proposed successors, the action is conclusive as against any other persons whom the President might nominate to those offices. If he did not know the reason of the rejection he might assume it to be some personal objection, and therefore make another nomination. But knowing the facts he can not do this; and as he proposes to make no bargains, he can not be expected to send in other nominations for the places until he has reason to suppose that the feeling of the Senate has changed. This, at least, seems to us to be the situation. Meanwhile we have no doubt that whenever a change in any office seems to be desirable upon public grounds the President will propose it, and leave the responsibility of rejection with the Senate, while that body will now doubtless hasten to declare formally the great principle that no officer shall be removed during his term except for causes satisfactory to the Senator or Senators from his State.

PARTY HARMONY.

Senator Blaine recently said to a reporter in St. Louis that there can be no harmony between the President and the Republican party so long as he pursues his present course. General Butler remarked, in a speech in Boston, that the present state of things can not continue, and the President must decide to join either the Republican or the Democratic party. And the newspapers which call Mr. Conkling's success in appealing to Senators to stand by the right to dictate nominations "a great victory," cry aloud for party "harmony." But the harmonious way is not so plain as General Butler, who prides himself upon being a practical politician with no nonsense about him, seems to suppose. If the President should abandon all attempt at reform of the civil service, it would be an immense concession, but what would be the prospect of harmony? He would, indeed, be in accord with Mr. Conkling upon the financial question, but he would be in utter discord with Mr. Conkling's friend and ally Mr. Sharon, while General Butler, agreeing with Mr. Sharon, would be opposed both to the President and Mr. Conkling. Could it, then, be truly said, in the general's own words, that "the Republican party North will be united?" With Mr. Conkling and General Butler hostile upon a fundamental question, could there be, in any true sense, party union?

We have read with care the various propositions to promote this desirable harmony, and they resolve themselves into three—first, that the President shall abandon his Southern policy; second, that he shall abandon his financial policy; third, that he shall abandon his reform policy. If he will but do this, and, of course, dismiss his cabinet as an earnest of his sincerity, "harmony" will appear immediately. It is stoutly affirmed that he ought not to persist in his own whims against the leaders of his party in Congress. But what leaders? The newspapers and politicians who insist most loudly upon harmony also declare that civil service reform is wholly secondary, and that the important question is that of the finances. To which leaders, then, will they have the President yield? Shall he submit to Messrs. Butler, Allison, Matthews, Howe, and Sharon, or to Messrs. Conkling, Hamlin, and Edmunds? The truth is that, upon what the friends of party harmony declare to be the most vital question before the country, Mr. Conkling and his friend Mr. Sharon do not belong to the same party. Let General Butler take heed of his own advice. Let him decide forthwith whether he will join the Republicans who favor remonetization or the Republicans who oppose it. Until he does that he has no right to summon the President to decide whether he will stay with the reform Republicans or go over to the spoils Republicans. The general thinks that reform is a Utopia. Possibly, but not so much a Utopia as a party which shall be both for and against financial honesty. He thinks that the President can not ride two horses going in opposite directions. What shall be thought of a party trying to do the same thing?

Those who are so deeply concerned that the President resists peace by not surrendering the right of nomination to the Senate, and who are so anxious to harmonize the President and Mr. Conkling upon what they call a secondary point, should devote a little effort to harmonizing Mr. Conkling with Mr. Sharon, and General Butler with Mr. Blaine, upon the great and fundamental question of the national faith. It is not enough to say that the President must surrender. It is equally necessary to decide to whom he must surrender. Precisely the same reasoning which is applied to the President, that he ought to yield his convictions upon reform because some Republican chiefs differ, should persuade those chiefs to yield their views of the true financial policy. The very qualities that the admirers of Messrs. Conkling, Blaine, and Butler profess most to admire in them—their pluck and audacity and tenacity—they deprecate in the President. If Mr. Conkling maintains his position, he is declared by his friends to be a great statesman and a heroic leader. If the President maintains his, the same authorities can see only that he is a mule and an impracticable theorist. Now the friends of the Administration, quite as much as its opponents, admire courage and tenacity, and their criticism of the Administration is that its misfortunes have mainly arisen from not asserting itself as boldly and firmly as its opponents have asserted themselves. But as the President's surrender of reform to the Republican majority of the Senate would not harmonize in any degree their radical and fatal differences upon the finances, the President may fairly insist that before insisting upon his harmonizing with them, they show him an example of harmony among themselves.

REPUBLICANISM AND SEMI-REPUDIATION.

The favorite argument of the remonetizers of silver seems to be the secrecy and duplicity of the act by which demonetization was accomplished. At the Chicago meeting this was the point most eloquently elaborated. Private letters from inquirers upon the subject confirm this view. The people, it is said, have been defrauded. Silver was always a legal tender "coin." The word "coin" included silver as much as gold. When the money was lent upon the bonds, the holders understood this. They knew that silver was coin. Every body knew it, and by some hocus-pocus it suddenly ceased to be so. When, where, how, nobody very clearly comprehended. But recently the surreptitious rascality has been unearthed by the virtue that, despairing of unlimited paper, and seeking a short and easy way to "scale down" debts and punish the designing holder of his country's promises, discovered that silver was actually cheaper than paper, and simultaneously ascertained that the use of silver to defraud the bond-holders had been prevented by demonetization.

There was but one thing to do. The cry of criminal secrecy in the repeal of the law was instantly raised. Who ever heard of it? Who had petitioned for it? Who had advocated it? Who wanted it? What was the object? Why so secret, surreptitious, and silent a change? It was another plot of those fell enemies of the country who had lent her money in her mortal peril. It was a conspiracy of the rich against the poor, etc., etc. The facts about demonetization have now been made public, and it is plain that it was neither stealthy nor fraudulent. Silver was practically out of use. It was more valuable than gold. It now appears from a letter of James Madison that in 1806 silver dollars coined at the Mint were bought for export, and for thirty years the dollar of the fathers was not coined. Later laws sanctioned the practice, and the act of 1873 confirmed the policy. There was no outcry and no excitement, simply because silver was not practically in use; and if to-day silver were as relatively more valuable than gold, the most vociferous opponents of bond payment in the dollar of the fathers would be those who are now most clamorous for it. Who supposes that if the silver dollar were now worth one hundred and three cents instead of ninety-two, those who two years ago were so zealous for unlimited paper would now be so warm for silver?

It is a good sign that the moral aspects of the question are so steadily put forward by the friends of honest money, and it will be a good fortune for the country if mere political necessity compels the Republican party to take a positive and aggressive position upon the subject. A letter from Indiana in the *Times* states that the Democratic party in the State declares so vehemently for silver repudiation that the Republican party will be forced to take the opposite ground. In New York there are at least two Democratic papers which demand silver remonetization. These are signs of a party division upon the question which are most healthful and encouraging, for in nothing is the demoralization of the Republican party more evident than in the willingness of those who contemptuously oppose reform in the civil service to dwell in harmony with those who would dishonor the national faith. A Republican who is proud of his party name and history is ashamed to acknowledge that the party has no common principles upon the two commanding political questions of the day. When the question was of the extension of slavery, Republicans were united. When it was of prosecuting the war, Republicans agreed. When it was of equal rights in reconstruction, Republicans assented. But when it is of paying debts honestly and of restraining the abuses of patronage, Republicans do not agree. If Democratic madness drives them into agreement upon the right side of one vital question, it will be fortunate for the country.

BARGAINS.

Mr. William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, a former secretary of the National Republican Committee, and well known in the party—indeed, few political gentlemen not of official prominence are better known—has published a letter to the Republicans of New Hampshire to rally them "to repudiate the Hayes surrender." Mr. Chandler reminds Republicans of their "high principles," "lofty sentiments," and "noble convictions," and, according to the report sent to all the New York papers, he also states that Mr. Hayes was counted in as President only by reason of special pledges given by Senator Sherman and other Ohio emissaries that he would recognize and maintain Messrs. Chamberlain and Packard. Mr. Chandler states, with droll solemnity, that "wisdom and honor" clearly required that Mr. Hayes should keep the bargain, and adds that if he had done so, the Republican party would have remained dominant in every Northern State and in several Southern States. In other words, a bargain to count in a President would have secured the supremacy of "high principles," "lofty sentiments," and "noble convictions." This is good, but better follows.

With incredible and amusing earnestness Mr. Chandler proceeds to ask: "Instead of all this, what do we see?" What, indeed! We hope that we see Mr. William E. Chandler exposing and denouncing the conspiracy to cheat the country, of which he is aware. Nothing of the kind. Instead of keeping the bargain that Mr. Sherman and others had made for him, Mr. Chandler declares that he finds Mr. Hayes keeping another bargain that Mr. Matthews and Mr. Sherman and others had made with somebody else, and of which Mr. Chandler apparently had no knowledge. This was infamous. "High principles" and "lofty sentiments" and "noble convictions" required the keeping of bargain No. 1. But to keep bargain No. 2 was to betray virtue itself. Bargain No. 2, however, having been faithfully kept, Mr. Chandler cries: "Silence is a crime; acquiescence and inaction are political death." Let us see. It is more than a year, of course, since bargain No. 1 as to the "counting in" was made. Mr. Chandler evidently knew it. He knew that a President was to "be counted in" in pursuance of certain pledges made by Senator Sherman and "other Ohio emissaries," as the report states. This was a political crime of the worst kind. What did he do about it at the time? Nothing. If it had been carried out according to his statement of the terms, what would he have done about it? It really looks as if he would have acquiesced, in consideration of establishing securely "high principles" and "lofty sentiments." Silence, then, about bargain No. 1 was not a crime. It is only in regard to bargain No. 2 that silence is unpardonable.

Mr. Chandler prides himself upon being a Republican of Republicans. He is nothing if not a Republican. His party is to him as his country. Does he know what he has done? He is known as one of the most active Republican politicians and managers. He went to Florida last year in the Republican interest. He is familiar with the party plans and methods. And now he comes forward and says that Mr. Hayes was to be "counted in" on the strength of certain pledges made to somebody by Senator Sherman and others as to what he would do; and that having been counted in and inaugurated, and Mr. Sherman being in the cabinet, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Sherman "went back" on their Republican pledges, and kept others subsequently made with Democrats. Does Mr. Chandler think that Mr. Charles Francis Adams's remark about fraud is so fatally damaging to the Republican party as this? He talks about the party's "disgracing its record," and dying "a deserved and unhonored death." But, if his statements are correct, so far as lies in him he has assassinated both the Republican party and the cause. If he were a party to bargain No. 1, or if, knowing it, he did not protest, he has done all that he could do to dishonor and destroy the party that he professes to cherish so warmly. If the Republicans of New Hampshire acknowledge Mr. Chandler as a leader, or receive counsel from a manager whose hostility to the Administration springs from his belief that it has not kept the bargain by which it was counted in, they deserve defeat at home and contempt abroad.

In the political confusion one thing is clear, and has been clear always, that the general course pursued by the President since his inauguration—with whatever inconsistencies and failures—is the course that his declarations and his known views and character had prefigured. This story of pledges and bargains is not new, nor is it peculiar to this Administration. What the personal friends of Mr. Hayes may have said as to his probable course, from their knowledge of his views, is probably not a matter of record. We, who had no personal acquaintance with him—and we are very sure that we speak for a host of Republicans throughout the country—certainly expected from him the general course that he has pursued. And whatever those friends may have said as to their convictions in regard to his action, we have seen no responsible assertion that Mr. Hayes was a party to any pledges, and we doubt if any body seriously believes that he was. Mr. Chandler's allegation, as reported, is only that Mr. Hayes pledged himself to protect to the full extent of the Federal power life, suffrage, and political rights in the South. But he did that publicly, not privately. He did it in his letter of acceptance, he did it in his inaugural address, and he has never receded from the pledge. Fortunately, however, he, and not Mr. Chandler, is charged with the responsibility of deciding what is the full extent of the Federal power in such cases. Meanwhile Mr. Chandler's letter, by its simple and innocent and evidently sincere expression of chagrin that bargain No. 1 was not kept, and its fervent interest in "high principles" and "noble convictions" and "lofty sentiments," is a whole forest of "nuts" to the scoffers who sneer that Republicans use the finest phrases to cover the worst tricks.

The contest in which Mr. Chandler has delivered this damaging blow to the Republican party should not be misunderstood. The South is a feint; the point is patronage. This letter is a plain threat to attempt the discredit of the President's title if he does not yield to the spoils leaders. The decision of the President in regard to the troops can not be revoked; but if he maintains his position upon the Executive right of nomination, an inquiry can be moved and carried into the alleged bargains and the frauds of the Louisiana Returning Board. To establish the frauds, although it could not affect the legal title of the President, would of course be destructive to the Republican party. The letter of Mr. Chandler has had the good effect of bringing out a responsible statement of a story in regard to Senator Conkling which has been circulating ever since the electoral decision, and which his friends should take this opportunity to dispose of. Mr. Conkling's faithful friend, the New York *Sun*, has plainly intimated that nothing but want of courage prevented his voting in the Senate against the electoral decision in the Louisiana case, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has distinctly asserted that there was an understanding or bargain between him and Democrats upon the subject. But now Major E. A. Burke, described as one of the most prominent Conservatives in Louisiana, who represented the Nicholls government in Washington during the last winter, commenting upon Mr. Chandler's letter, says, plainly:

> "The old combination between Senator Conkling and Democratic Senators, which offered to Louisiana and the country a defeat of the electoral count and a new election under Conkling, may be revived with a view of opening the electoral question, but I think it impossible."

Sooner or later an authoritative denial of this assertion will of course become indispensable for the friends of Mr. Conkling. Meanwhile Mr. Sherman says of Mr. Chandler's assertions in regard to him, "There is no truth whatever in the story."

SENATOR MATTHEWS: A CORRECTION.

In a late article upon "Silver and Dishonor" we stated that Senator Stanley Matthews, in his speech upon the Silver Bill, had used the expression, "We don't care for abroad," upon which we commented severely. Senator Matthews has addressed us a note denying the fairness of our statement of the morality of the silver policy, and concluding as follows:

> "You state positively that in advocating that kind of public morality I said that 'we don't care for abroad,' and refer to it in another part of the article as a boasting of dishonor.
>
> "The language you attribute to me is marked as a quotation.
>
> "Will you be good enough to inform your readers and myself where the original expression, which you quote, occurs?
>
> "If you are not able to find it—as you will not be—will you be good enough to explain the moral ground on which you justify your statement that I used it?
>
> "A lecturer of others on morality, as you assume to be, ought, I should think, to re-enforce his precept by his example."

Senator Matthews's irritation is natural, but his sneer is unreasonable. The language quoted was from the report of a letter from Washington, and as Senators not infrequently say in debate what does not appear in the official report of their speeches, an editor may properly assume the authenticity of a remark, not in itself improbable, attributed to a speaker by a reporter who is usually correct. We have ourselves heard orators in Congress indulging in sneers and gibes and phrases of which no trace appeared in the official reports of the speeches; and it certainly did not seem to us improbable that a legislator who holds what seems to us, although, of course, not to Senator Matthews, immoral and demoralizing views upon the subject in question should despise the opinion of Europe. We are sorry to have attributed to him, although upon what we considered to be good authority, an expression that he did not use.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and his eldest son, Cornelius, who gives promise of the highest order of business capacity and executive ability, have, in a very quiet, unostentatious way, evinced a liberality that entitles them to the good opinion of all. Last summer the Rev. Dr. Cooke, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, on returning from his vacation determined to make an effort to pay off the church debt of $145,000. The congregation is a wealthy one, and the responses were so prompt and liberal that the whole amount has been made up. Conspicuous among the givers was Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, who presented his check for $50,000, and his son Cornelius Vanderbilt, $25,000. We also notice that Mr. William H. Appleton, with his proverbial generosity, gave $5000.

—Mr. Remington, of rifle-manufacturing fame, whose extensive works at Ilion, New York, are known of men, is one of the social "swells" of Egypt, and owns one of the largest and finest of the Frank houses in Cairo. Some six or seven years ago the Khedive, in order to encourage the erection of good houses for the European and Europeanized residents, and to attract new ones from abroad, offered to give building lots of the value of $10,000 and upward to every person who would build thereon a house of fixed value, rising in proportion to the estimated worth of the gift. The bait took, and a new town of several thousands of houses now occupies the site. Some of these cost as much as $100,000. Spacious gardens surround most of them. The best belong to the bankers. Mr. Remington has armed the Khedive's troops, and can, of course, afford it. Another large real estate owner at Cairo is the Duke of Sutherland, the English Club occupying one-half of the large house he caused to be built.

—Lord Dufferin's successor will, it is reported, be the Duke of Manchester, who made an extended American tour a year ago, and has always taken a warm interest in the affairs of the British dependencies, being president of the Colonial Institute. He is the seventh duke, is fifty-four years old, and his eldest son and heir, Viscount Mandeville, married last year Miss Consuelo del Valle, of this city, a very beautiful and accomplished young lady.

—Mr. George Darwin, after searching investigation, concludes that "the widely different habits of life of men and women in civilized nations, especially among the upper classes, tend to counterbalance any evil from marriage between healthy closely related persons." Mr. Darwin's views are in a measure sustained by Dr. Vorni's inquiry into the commune of Batz. Batz is a rocky, secluded, ocean-washed peninsula of the Loire Inférieure, France, containing over three thousand people of simple habits, who don't drink, and commit no crime. For generations they have intermarried, but no cases have occurred of deaf-mutism, albinoism, blindness, or malformation, and the number of children born is above the average.

—It is said that Mr. Lamar, one of the most scholarly men in the United States Senate, once said to a friend that of all Whittier's poems, he liked best the antislavery ones.

—In a recent "personal" it was mentioned that the vote cast for Judge Brady at the recent election (122,941) was the largest ever cast for any one in the city of New York. We had forgotten that in 1872 Chief Justice Daly, of the Common Pleas, received 134,542 votes. A correspondent appropriately remarks, "These large votes reflect equal honor on the recipients, and are superior to any patent of nobility."

—An English correspondent says that General Skobeleff's camp is the only Russian camp he saw that was clean, in the English sense of the word. All the rest are utterly unclean, and breeders of disease. His one object in life is to be idolized by his men, and he succeeds. He appears to bear a charmed life, for his delight is to ride gray horses, six of which have been killed under him since the war began. Being a rich man, Skobeleff keeps open table, and all his brigadiers and colonels sit down with him twice daily, quite unlike Gourkho, of whom it is said that "he never dines," but takes tea occasionally, writing and working all the rest of the day. These two are rivals in fame, but Skobeleff is a rich young bachelor of thirty-four, with immense expectations, and Gourkho a father of a family, of forty-nine, who has nothing but his pay. Each is a thorough soldier, and each perfect in his way. Gourkho, though a cavalry officer all his life, is no mere *sabreur*, but a thoughtful, intellectual man, who impresses you at once with a sense of mental power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A dispatch from San Francisco reports a fight with a force of 130 Indians near Janos, Sonora. The United States troops attacked the savages in camp, but were repulsed, with the loss of twenty-seven killed and a number wounded. The Indians subsequently stripped the surrounding country of its stock.

Robert P. Parrott, inventor of the Parrott gun, died suddenly at Cold Spring, December 24.

The Tennessee Senate, December 23, passed a bill to compromise the State debt at fifty cents, and a graded interest of four, five, and six per cent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The Russians are pressing the Turks in Armenia. On December 17 General Komaroff's forces captured Ardanutch by assault. The Russian losses were trifling. Ardanutch is a fortified position thirty-five miles southwest of Ardahan. Erzerum is almost invested by the Russian troops, and its bombardment is considered imminent.—The Servians have thus far been successful. On December 24, after eight hours' severe fighting, they captured Ak-Palanka, on the Danube, southeast of Widdin, together with three Krupp guns and a large quantity of ammunition and provisions. The Turks lost many killed and some prisoners. Prince Milan was present the same day when the bombardment of Nissa was commenced.—The Porte has issued a proclamation deposing Prince Milan.—No important movement has taken place in Bulgaria during the week. The Bucharest correspondent of the London *Times*, speaking of the recent heavy storms, says that the cold weather and driving snow produced a terrible effect upon a transport train which halted near Cotroceni, a suburb of Bucharest. On December 23 the wagons and horses were entirely buried in snow. Working parties were engaged extricating the wagons. Forty horses and twenty-nine men had been found dead. The men had sought shelter in the wagons, and were frozen within half a mile of Cotroceni. From this incident some idea may be formed of the effects of the storm in Bulgaria. This transport train had camped on a level plain, and was buried by the driving snow which piled up around the horses and wagons.—A horrible condition of affairs exists in Plevna. When the Turks made their sortie they left thousands of sick and wounded in the town. Starving and unattended, these unfortunates remained in this state three days, and hundreds of them died. Over a thousand have been already buried, and about a hundred corpses come from the hospitals daily. Undoubtedly many who were not quite dead have been buried. The bodies of those killed in the battles lie unburied around Plevna. The Turkish prisoners are encamped among them, and are almost starving. Plevna is one vast charnel-house, surpassing in horror any thing imaginable.—A Russian official dispatch, dated Bogot, says that Turkish prisoners from Plevna are dying of cold, and that it is impossible to offer them any aid.—The military bridges at Braila and Nicopolis, on the Danube, have been torn away by the drifting ice.—There have been further war demonstrations in Greece, and the Cretans are in revolt.—The Czar returned to St. Petersburg December 22. Prince Gortchakoff has assumed the direction of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. General Ignatieff has been appointed a member of the Council of the Empire.—The total Russian loss by the war up to December 20 was 80,412.—The Turkish transport steamer *Messina*, with 700 troops on board, has been captured by the Russians in the Bosporus, and taken to Sevastopol.—Russia has ordered 1200 Krupp field-guns.—The Montenegrins, December 26, defeated a body of Turks in intrenched positions between the river Bojana and the town of Dulcigno. The Turks lost many prisoners, three flags, and a quantity of provisions.

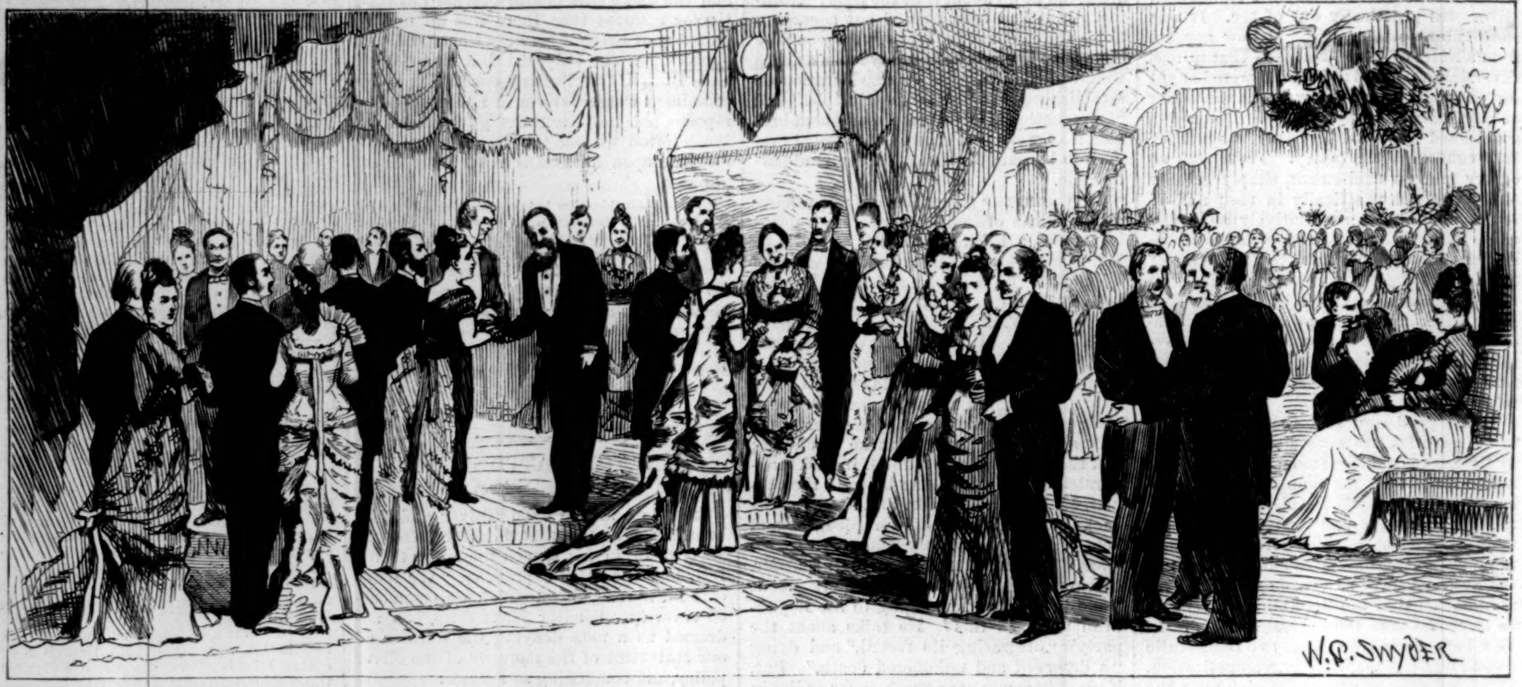
The French Minister of the Interior, M. De Marcère, has ordered the prefects to re-instate all Municipal Councils dismissed since May 16.—M. Dufaure, President of the Council, has ordered proceedings to be begun in regard to electoral offenses, so that offenders can not plead delay in instituting the prosecutions.

Much comment has been caused by a decree, signed by President M'Mahon, cashiering the captain of a regiment of the line, stationed at Limoges, who, December 13, when orders were received to prepare to march to Paris, declared he would not abet a *coup d'état*. Radical journals say that the troops at Limoges were supplied with ammunition and two days' rations, and held in readiness to start for Paris. The *Moniteur* declares that the President was ignorant of the plan, and had no hand in it whatever.

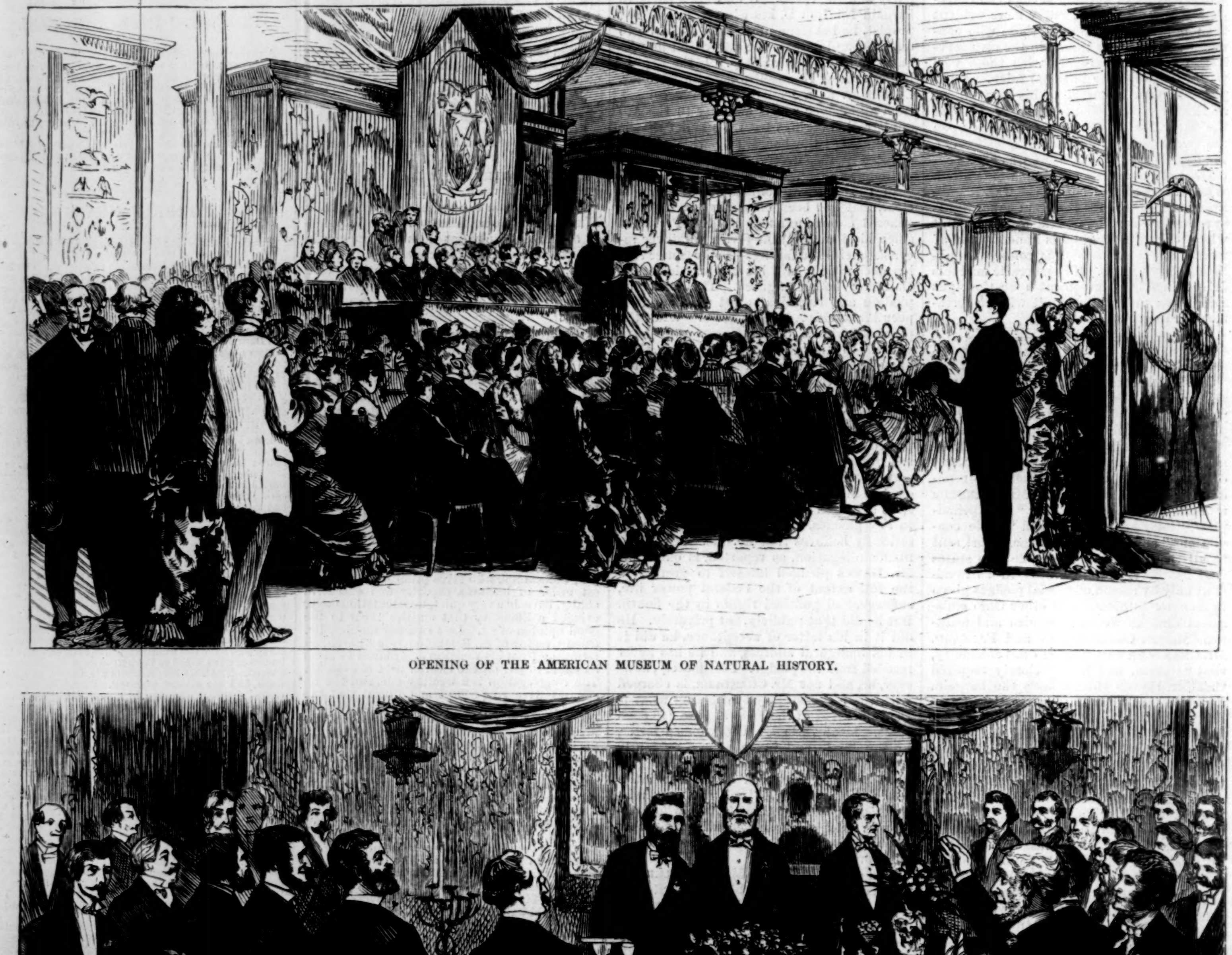
An official telegram from Sancti Spiritus, Cuba, reports the surrender of sixty-eight insurgents in the Central Department, among them the wife and family of Maximo Gomez.

San Domingo reports to December 9 show that the revolution had not then been suppressed, and that murders and other outrages were still being committed. One hundred political prisoners had been banished without previous warning.

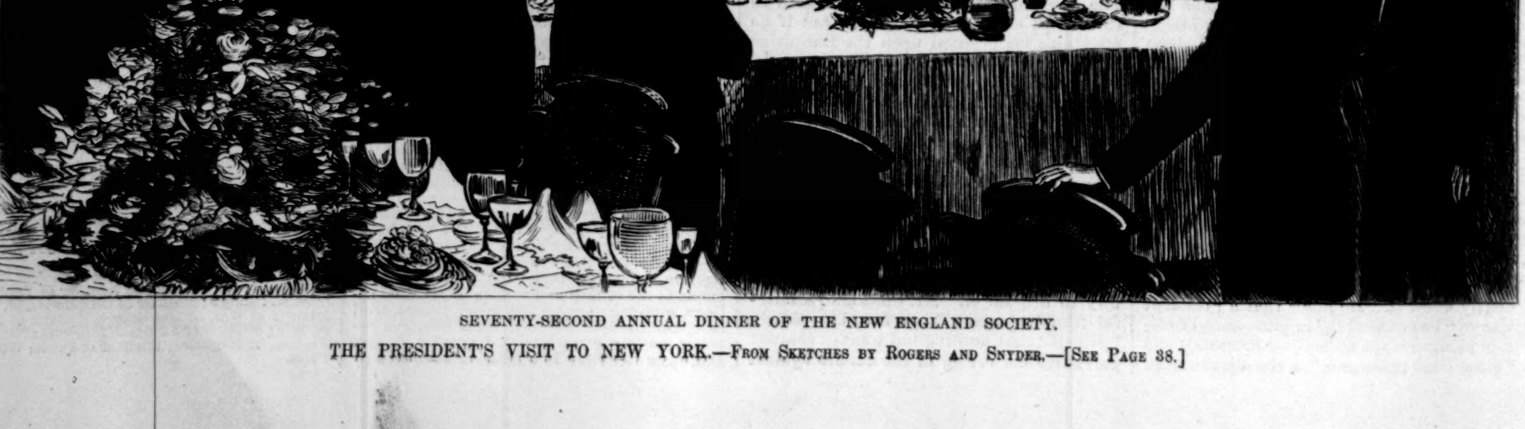
A new Italian ministry has been formed, as follows: President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Depretis; Minister of the Interior, M. Crispi; Minister of War, M. Mezzacapo; Minister of Marine, M. Brin; Minister of Justice, M. Mancini; Minister of Finance, M. Magliano; Minister of Public Works, M. Perez.



THE RECEPTION AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE.



OPENING OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



SEVENTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.—FROM SKETCHES BY ROGERS AND SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

II.—SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.

IV.

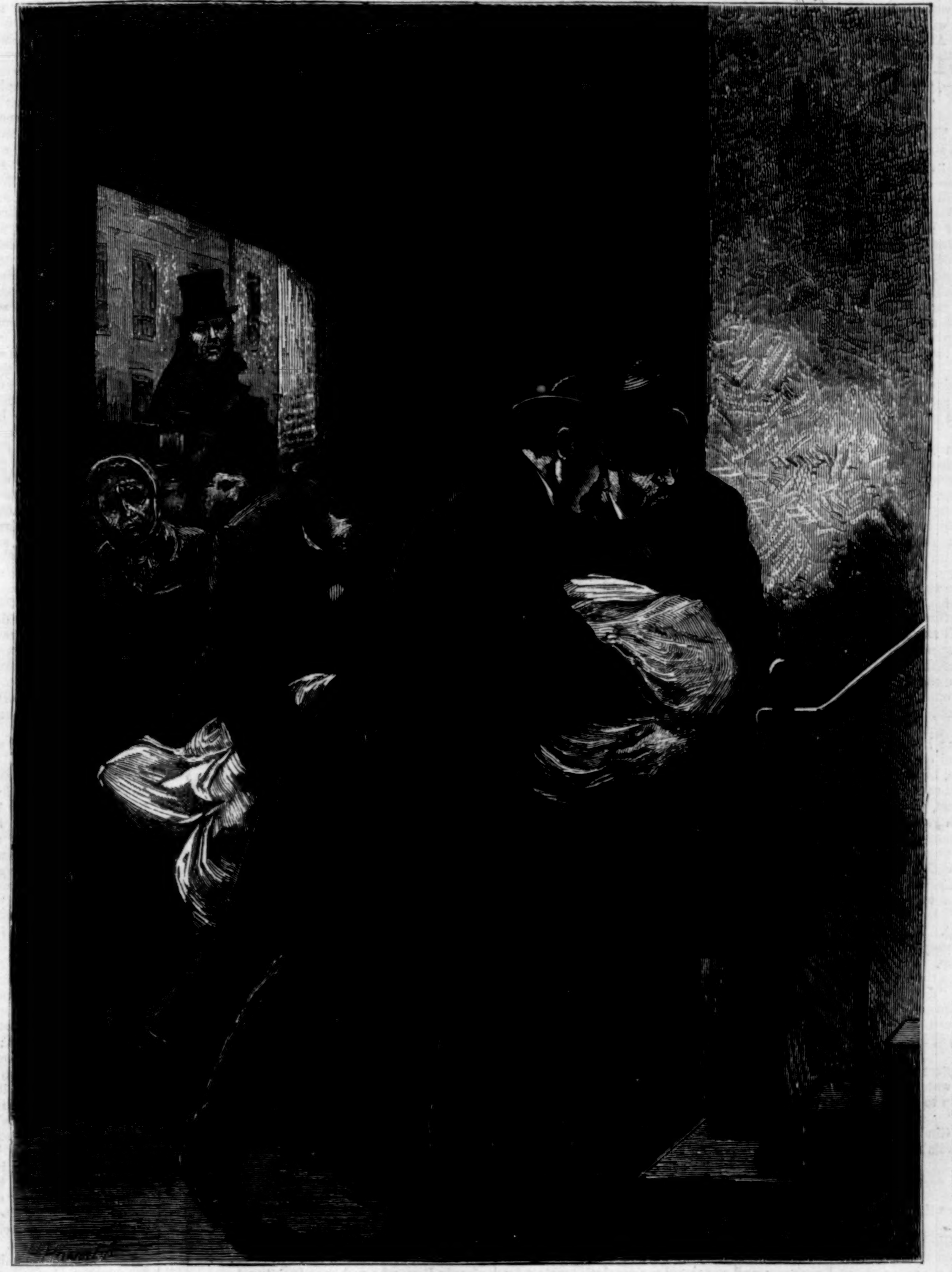
THE WORKMEN'S SOCIETIES ASK US FOR THE ORDER TO FIGHT.

In presence of the fact of the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine so heroically constructed by the Representatives, so sadly neglected by the populace, the last illusions, even mine, should have been dispersed. Baudin killed, the Faubourg cold. Such things spoke aloud. It was a supreme, manifest, absolute demonstration of that fact, the inaction of the people, to which I could not resign myself—a deplorable inaction if they understood, a self-treason if they did not understand, a fatal neutrality in every case, a calamity of which all the responsibility, we repeat, recoiled not upon the people, but upon those who in June, 1848, after having promised them amnesty, had refused it, and who had unhinged the great soul of the people of Paris by breaking faith with them. What the Constituent Assembly had sown, the Legislative Assembly harvested. We, innocent of the fault, had to submit to the consequence.

The spark which we had seen flash for an instant through the crowd—Michel de Bourges from the height of Bonvalet's balcony, myself from the Boulevard du Temple—this spark seemed extinguished. Maigne firstly, then Brillier, then Brucker, later on Charamaule, Madier de Montjau, Bastide, and Dulac came to report to us what had passed at the barricade of St. Antoine, the motives which had decided the Representatives present not to await the hour appointed for the rendezvous, and Baudin's death. The report which I made myself of what I had seen, and which Cassal and Alexandre Rey completed by adding new circumstances, enabled us to ascertain the situation. The Committee could no longer hesitate; I myself renounced the hopes which I had based upon a grand manifestation, upon a powerful reply to the *Coup d'Etat*, upon a sort of pitched battle waged by the guardians of the Republic against the banditti of the Élysée. The Faubourgs failed us; we possessed the lever, Right, but the mass to be raised, the People, we did not possess. There was nothing more to hope for, as those two great orators, Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, with their keen political perception, had declared from the first, save a slow long struggle, avoiding decisive engagements, changing quarters, keeping Paris on the alert, saying to each, It is not at an end; leaving time for the Departments to prepare their resistance, wearying the troops out, and in which struggle the Parisian people, who do not long smell powder with impunity, would perhaps ultimately take fire. Barricades raised every where, barely defended, remade immediately, concealing themselves and multiplying themselves at the same time, such was the strategy indicated by the situation. The Committee adopted it, and sent orders in every direction to this effect. At that moment we were sitting at No. 15 Rue Richelieu, at the house of our colleague Grévy, who had been arrested in the Tenth Arrondissement on the preceding day, and who was at Mazas. His brother had offered us his house for our deliberations. The Representatives, our natural emissaries, flocked around us, and scattered themselves throughout Paris, with our instructions to organize resistance at every point. They were the arms, and the Committee was the soul. A certain number of ex-Constituents, intrepid men, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Martin (de Strasbourg), Senart, formerly President of the Constituent Assembly, Bastide, Laissac, Landrin, had joined the Representatives on the preceding day. They established, therefore, in all the districts where it was possible Committees of Permanence in connection with us, the Central Committee, and composed either of Representatives or of faithful citizens. For our watchword we chose "Baudin."

Toward noon the centre of Paris began to grow agitated.

Our appeal to arms was first seen placarded on the Place de la Bourse and the Rue Montmartre. Groups pressed round to read it, and battled with the police, who endeavored to tear down the bills. Other lithographic placards contained in two parallel columns the decree of deposition drawn up by the Right at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, and the decree of outlawry voted by the Left. There were distributed, printed on gray paper in large type, the judgment of the High Court of Justice declaring Louis Bonaparte attainted with the crime of High Treason, and signed "Hardouin" (President), "Delapalme," "Moreau" (of the Seine), "Cauchy," "Bataille" (Judges). This last name was thus misspelled by mistake; it should read "Pataille."



"Baudin's brother, assisted by Gindrier and Dutèche, carried up the corpse to the fourth floor, where Baudin resided."

At that moment people generally believed, and we ourselves believed, in this judgment, which, as we have seen, was not the genuine judgment.

At the same time they posted in the populous quarters, at the corner of every street, two Proclamations. The first ran thus:

"TO THE PEOPLE.

"Article III.* The Constitution is confided to the keeping and to the patriotism of French citizens. Louis Napoleon is outlawed.

"The State of Siege is abolished.

"Universal Suffrage is re-established.

"Long live the Republic!

"To Arms!

"For the United Mountain,
"The Delegate, Victor Hugo."

The second ran thus:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS:

"The National Guards and the People of the Departments are marching on Paris to aid you in seizing the Traitor, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

"For the Representatives of the People:
"Victor Hugo, President.
"Schœlcher, Secretary."

This last placard, printed on little squares of paper, was distributed abroad, says a historian of the *Coup d'Etat*, by thousands of copies.

For their part, the criminals installed in the Government offices replied by threats: the great white placards—that is to say, the official bills—were largely multiplied. On one could be read:

"We, Prefect of the Police,

"Decree as follows:

"Article I. All meetings are rigorously prohibited. They will be immediately dispersed by force.

"Article II. All seditious shouts, all reading in public, all posting of political documents not emanating from a regularly instituted authority, are equally prohibited.

"Article III. The Agents of the Public Police will enforce the execution of the present decree.

"Given at the Prefecture of Police, December 3, 1851. De Maupas, Prefect of Police.

"Seen and approved.
"De Morny, Minister of the Interior."

On another could be read:

"The Minister of War,

"By virtue of the Law on the State of Siege,

"Decrees:

"Every person taken constructing or defending a barricade, or carrying arms, WILL BE SHOT.

"General of Division,
"Minister of War,
"De St. Arnaud."

We reproduce this Proclamation exactly, even to the punctuation. The words "to-be shot" were in capital letters in the placards signed "De St. Arnaud."

The Boulevards were thronged with an excited crowd. The agitation increasing in the centre reached three arrondissements, the 6th, 7th, and the 12th. The district of the schools began to be disorderly. The students of law and of medicine cheered De Flotte on the Place du Panthéon. Madier de Montjau, ardent and eloquent, went through and aroused Belleville. The troops, increased every moment, took possession of all the strategical points of Paris.

At one o'clock a young man was brought in to us by the legal adviser of the Workmen's Societies, the ex-Constituent Leblond, at whose house the Committee had deliberated that morning. We were sitting in permanence, Carnot, Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself. This young man, who had an earnest mode of speaking and an intelligent countenance, was named King. He had been sent to us by the Committee of the Workmen's Societies, from whom he was delegated. "The Workmen's Societies," he said to us, "place themselves at the disposal of the Committee of Legal Insurrection appointed by the Left. They can throw into the struggle five or six thousand resolute men. They will manufacture powder; as for guns, they will be found." The Workmen's Societies requested from us an order to fight signed by us. Jules Favre took a pen and wrote:

"The undersigned Representatives authorize Citizen King and his friends to defend with them, and with arms in their hands, Universal Suffrage, the Republic, the Laws."

He dated it, and we all four signed it.

"That is enough," said the delegate to us; "you will hear of us."

Two hours afterward it was reported to us that the conflict had begun. They were fighting in the Rue Aumaire.

V.

BAUDIN'S CORPSE.

With regard to the Faubourg St. Antoine, we had, as I said, lost nearly all hope, but the men of the *Coup d'Etat* had not lost all uneasiness. Since the attempts at rising and the barricades of the morning a rigorous supervision had been organized. Any one who entered the Faubourg ran the risk of being examined, followed, and, upon the slightest suspicion, arrested. The supervision was nevertheless sometimes at fault. About two o'clock a short man, with an earnest and attentive air, crossed the Faubourg. A *sergent de ville* and a police agent in plain clothes barred his passage. "Who are you?" "You see: a passenger." "Where are you going?" "Over there, close by, to Bartholomé's, the overseer of the sugar manufactory." They search him. He himself opened his pocket-book; the police agents turned out the pockets of his waistcoat and unbuttoned his shirt over his breast; finally the *sergent de ville* said, gruffly, "Yet I seem to have seen you here before this morning. Be off!" It was the Representative Gindrier. If they had not stopped at the pockets of his waistcoat—and if they had searched his great-coat they would have found his sash there—Gindrier would have been shot.

Not to allow themselves to be arrested, to keep their freedom for the combat—such was the watch-word of the members of the Left. That is why we had our sashes upon us, but not outwardly visible.

Gindrier had had no food that day; he thought he would go home, and returned to the new district of the Havre Railway Station, where he resided. In the Rue de Calais, which is a lonely street running from the Rue Blanche to the Rue de Clichy, a *fiacre* passed him. Gindrier heard his name called out. He turned round, and saw two persons in a *fiacre*, relations of Baudin, and a man whom he did not know. One of the relations of Baudin, Madame L——, said to him, "Baudin is wounded!" She added: "They have taken him to the St. Antoine Hospital. We are going to fetch him. Come with us." Gindrier got into the *fiacre*.

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* A typographical error; it should read "Article LXVIII." On the subject of this placard the Author of this book received the following letter. It does honor to those who wrote it:

"Citizen Victor Hugo,—We know that you have made an appeal to arms. We have not been able to obtain it. We replace it by these bills which we sign with your name. You will not disown us. When France is in danger, your name belongs to all; your name is a Public Power.

(*Dabat*) "Felix Bony."

The stranger, however, was an emissary of the Commissary of Police of the Rue Marguerite St. Antoine. He had been charged by the Commissary of Police to go to Baudin's house, No. 88 Rue de Clichy, to inform the family. Having only found the women at home, he had confined himself to telling them that Representative Baudin was wounded. He offered to accompany them, and went with them in the *fiacre*. They had uttered the name of Gindrier before him. This might have been imprudent. They spoke to him; he declared that he would not betray the Representative, and it was settled that before the Commissary of Police Gindrier should assume to be a relation, and be called Baudin.

The poor women still hoped. Perhaps the wound was serious, but Baudin was young, and had a good constitution. "They will save him," said they. Gindrier was silent. At the office of the Commissary of Police the truth was revealed. "How is he?" asked Madame L—— on entering. "Why," said the Commissary, "he is dead." "What do you mean! Dead?" "Yes; killed on the spot."

This was a painful moment. The despair of these two women who had been so abruptly struck to the heart burst forth in sobs. "Ah, infamous Bonaparte!" cried Madame L——. "He has killed Baudin. Well, then, I will kill him. I will be the Charlotte Corday of this Marat."

Gindrier claimed the body of Baudin. The Commissary of Police only consented to restore it to the family on exacting a promise that they would bury it at once, and without any ostentation, and that they would not exhibit it to the people. "You understand," he said, "that the sight of a Representative killed and bleeding might raise Paris." The *Coup d'État* made corpses, but did not wish that they should be utilized.

On these conditions the Commissary of Police gave Gindrier two men and a safe-conduct to fetch the body of Baudin from the hospital where he had been carried.

Meanwhile Baudin's brother, a young man of four-and-twenty, a medical student, came up. This young man has since been arrested and imprisoned. His crime is his brother. Let us continue. They proceeded to the Hospital. At the sight of the safe-conduct the director ushered Gindrier and young Baudin into the parlor. There were three pallets there covered with white sheets, under which could be traced the motionless forms of three human bodies. The one which occupied the centre bed was Baudin. On his right lay the young soldier killed a minute before him by the side of Schœlcher, and on the left an old woman who had been struck down by a spent ball in the Rue de Cotte, and whom the executioners of the *Coup d'État* had gathered up later on: in the first moment one can not find out all one's riches.

The three corpses were naked under their winding-sheets.

They had left to Baudin alone his shirt and his flannel vest. They had found on him seven francs, his gold watch and chain, his Representative's medal, and a gold pencil-case which he had used in the Rue de Popincourt, after having passed me the other pencil, which I still preserve. Gindrier and young Baudin, bare-headed, approached the centre bed. They raised the shroud, and Baudin's dead face became visible. He was calm, and seemed asleep. No feature appeared contracted. A livid tint began to mottle his face.

They drew up an official report. It is customary. It is not sufficient to kill people. An official report must also be drawn up. Young Baudin had to sign it, upon which, on the demand of the Commissary of Police, they "made over" to him the body of his brother. During these signatures, Gindrier, in the court-yard of the hospital, attempted, if not to console, at least to calm, the two despairing women.

Suddenly a man who had entered the court-yard, and who had attentively watched him for some moments, came abruptly up to him:

"What are you doing there?"

"What is that to you?" said Gindrier.

"You have come to fetch Baudin's body?"

"Yes."

"Is this your carriage?"

"Yes."

"Get in at once, and pull down the blinds."

"What do you mean?"

"You are the Representative Gindrier. I know you. You were this morning on the barricade. If any other than myself should see you, you are lost."

Gindrier followed his advice and got into the *fiacre*. While getting in he asked the man,

"Do you belong to the police?"

The man did not answer. A moment after he came and said, in a low voice, near the door of the *fiacre* in which Gindrier was inclosed,

"Yes; I eat the bread, but I do not do the work."

The two men sent by the Commissary of Police took Baudin on his wooden bed and carried him to the *fiacre*. They placed him at the bottom of the *fiacre*, with his face covered, and enveloped from head to foot in a shroud. A workman who was there lent his cloak, which was thrown over the corpse in order not to attract the notice of passers-by. Madame L—— took her place by the side of the body, Gindrier opposite, young Baudin next to Gindrier. A *fiacre* followed, in which were the other relative of Baudin and a medical student named Dutèche.

They set off. During the journey the head of the corpse, shaken by the carriage, rolled from shoulder to shoulder; the blood began to flow from the wound, and appeared in large red patches through the white sheet. Gindrier, with his arms stretched out and his hand placed on its breast, prevented it from falling forward. Madame L—— held it up by the side.

They had told the coachman to drive slowly. The journey lasted more than an hour.

When they reached No. 88 Rue de Clichy the bringing out of the body attracted a curious crowd before the door. The neighbors flocked thither. Baudin's brother, assisted by Gindrier and Dutèche, carried up the corpse to the fourth floor, where Baudin resided. It was a new house, and he had only lived there a few months.

They carried him into his room, which was in order, and just as he had left it on the morning of the Second. The bed, on which he had not slept the preceding night, had not been disturbed. A book which he had been reading had remained on the table, open at the page where he had left off. They unrolled the shroud, and Gindrier cut off his shirt and his flannel-vest with a pair of scissors. They washed the body. The ball had entered through the corner of the arch of the right eye, and had gone out at the back of the head. The wound of the eye had not bled. A sort of swelling had formed there; the blood had flowed copiously through the hole at the back of the head. They put clean linen on him, and clean sheets on the bed, and laid him down with his head on the pillow, and his face uncovered. The women were weeping in the next room.

Gindrier had already rendered the same service to the ex-Constituent James Demontry. In 1850 James Demontry died in exile at Cologne. Gindrier started for Cologne, went to the cemetery, and had James Demontry exhumed. He had the heart extracted, embalmed it, and enclosed it in a silver vase, which he took to Paris. The party of the Mountain delegated him, with Chollet and Joigneux, to convey this heart to Dijon, Demontry's native place, and to give him a solemn funeral. This funeral was prohibited by an order of Louis Bonaparte, then President of the Republic. The burial of brave and faithful men was unpleasing to Louis Bonaparte—not so their death.

When Baudin had been laid out on the bed, the women came in, and all this family, seated round the corpse, wept. Gindrier, whom other duties called elsewhere, went down with Dutèche. A crowd had formed before the door.

A man in a blouse, with his hat on his head, mounted on a curbstone, was speechifying and glorifying the *Coup d'État*, Universal Suffrage re-established, the Law of the 31st May abolished, the "Twenty-five francs" suppressed; Louis Bonaparte has done well, etc.—Gindrier, standing on the threshold of the door, raised his voice: "Citizens! above lies Baudin, a Representative of the People, killed while defending the People! Baudin, the Representative of you all: mark that well! You are before his house; he is there bleeding on his bed, and here is a man who dares in this place to applaud his assassin! Citizens! shall I tell you the name of this man? He is called the Police! Shame and infamy to traitors and to cowards! Respect to the corpse of him who has died for you!"

And pushing aside the crowd, Gindrier took the man who had been speaking by the collar, and knocking his hat on to the ground with the back of his hand, he cried, "Hats off!"

VI.

THE DECREES OF THE REPRESENTATIVES WHO REMAINED FREE.

THE text of the judgment which was believed to have been drawn up by the High Court of Justice had been brought to us by the ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg), a lawyer at the Court of Cassation. At the same time we learned what was happening in the Rue Aumaire. The battle was beginning, it was important to sustain it, and to feed it; it was important ever to place the legal resistance by the side of the armed resistance. The members who had met together on the preceding day at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement had decreed the deposition of Louis Bonaparte; but this decree, drawn up by a meeting almost exclusively composed of the unpopular members of the majority, might have no effect on the masses; it was necessary that the Left should take it up, should adopt it, should imprint upon it a more energetic and more revolutionary accent, and also take possession of the judgment of the High Court, which was believed to be genuine, to lend assistance to this judgment, and put it into execution.

In our appeal to arms we had outlawed Louis Bonaparte. The decree of deposition taken up and countersigned by us added weight to this outlawry, and completed the revolutionary act by the legal act.

The Committee of Resistance called together the Republican Representatives.

The apartments of M. Grévy, where we had been sitting, being too small, we appointed for our meeting-place No. 10 Rue des Moulins, although warned that the police had already made a raid upon this house. But we had no choice; in time of Revolution prudence is impossible, and it is speedily seen that it is useless. Confidence, always confidence; such is the law of those grand actions which at times determine great events. The perpetual improvisation of means, of policy, of expedients, of resources, nothing step by step, every thing on the impulse of the moment, the ground never sounded, all risks taken as a whole, the good with the bad, every thing chanced on all sides at the same time, the hour, the place, the opportunity, friends, family, liberty, fortune, life—such is the revolutionary conflict.

Toward three o'clock about sixty Representatives were meeting at No. 10 Rue des Moulins, in the large drawing-room, out of which opened a little room where the Committee of Resistance was in session.

It was a gloomy December day, and darkness seemed already to have almost set in. The publisher Hetzel, who might also be called the poet Hetzel, is of a noble mind and of great courage. He has, as is known, shown unusual political qualities as Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Bastide; he came to offer himself to us, as the brave and patriotic Hingray had already done in the morning. Hetzel knew that we needed a printing-office above every thing; we had not the faculty of speech, and Louis Bonaparte spoke alone. Hetzel had found a printer who had said to him: "*Force me, put a pistol to my throat, and I will print whatever you wish.*" It was only a question, therefore, of getting a few friends together, of seizing this printing-office by main force, of barricading it, and, if necessary, of sustaining a siege, while our Proclamations and our decrees were being printed. Hetzel offered this to us. One incident of his arrival at our meeting-place deserves to be noted. As he drew near the doorway he saw in the twilight of this dreary December day a man standing motionless at a short distance, and who seemed to be lying in wait. He went up to this man, and recognized M. Yon, the former Commissary of Police of the Assembly.

"What are you doing there?" said Hetzel, abruptly. "Are you there to arrest us? In that case, here is what I have got for you," and he took out two pistols from his pocket.

M. Yon answered, smiling:

"I am in truth watching, not against you, but for you; I am guarding you."

M. Yon, aware of our meeting at Landrin's house, and fearing that we should be arrested, was, of his own accord, acting as police for us.

Hetzel had already revealed his scheme to Representative Labrousse, who was to accompany him and give him the moral support of the Assembly in his perilous expedition. A first rendezvous which had been agreed upon between them at the Café Cardinal having failed, Labrousse had left with the owner of the *café* for Hetzel a note couched in these terms:

"Madame Elizabeth awaits M. Hetzel at No. 10 Rue des Moulins."

In accordance with this notice Hetzel had come.

We accepted Hetzel's offer, and it was agreed that at night-fall Representative Versigny, who performed the duties of Secretary to the Committee, should take him our decrees, our Proclamation, such items of news as may have reached us, and all that we should judge proper to publish. It was settled that Hetzel should await Versigny on the pavement at the end of the Rue de Richelieu which runs alongside the Café Cardinal.

Meanwhile Jules Favre, Michel (de Bourges), and myself had drawn up a final decree, which was to combine the deposition voted by the Right with the outlawry voted by us. We came back into the large room to read it to the assembled Representatives, and for them to sign it.

At this moment the door opened, and Émile de Girardin appeared. We had not seen him since the previous evening.

Émile de Girardin, after dispersing from around him that mist which envelops every combatant in party warfare, and which at a distance changes or obscures the appearance of a man, Émile de Girardin is an extraordinary thinker, an accurate writer, energetic, logical, skillful, hearty; a journalist in whom, as in all great journalists, can be seen the statesman. We owe to Émile de Girardin this great work of progress, the chief Press. Émile de Girardin has this great gift, a clear-headed stubbornness. Émile de Girardin is a public watchman; his journal is his sentry-box; he waits, he watches, he spies out, he enlightens, he lies in wait, he cries "Who goes there?" at the slightest alarm, he fires volleys with his pen. He is ready for every form of combat, a sentinel to-day, a general to-morrow. Like all earnest minds, he understands, he sees, he recognizes, he handles, so to speak, the great and magnificent identity embraced under these three words, "Revolution, Progress, Liberty;" he wishes for the Revolution, but above all through Progress; he wishes for Progress, but solely through Liberty. One can, and according to our opinion sometimes rightly, differ from him as to the road to be taken, as to the attitude to be assumed, and the position to be maintained, but no one can deny his courage, which he has proved in every form, nor reject his object, which is the moral and physical amelioration of the lot of all. Émile de Girardin is more Democratic than Republican, more Socialist than Democratic; on the day when these three ideas, Democracy, Republicanism, Socialism—that is to say, the principle, the form, and the application—are balanced in his mind, the oscillations which still exist in him will cease. He has already Power, he will have Stability.

In the course of this sitting, as we shall see, I did not always agree with Émile de Girardin. All the more reason that I should record here how greatly I appreciate the mind formed of light and of courage. Émile de Girardin, whatever his failings may be, is one of those men who do honor to the Press of to-day; he unites in the highest degree the dexterity of the combatant with the serenity of the thinker.

I went up to him, and I asked him,

"Have you any workmen of the *Presse* still remaining?"

He answered me, "Our presses are under seal, and guarded by the *gendarmerie mobile*, but I have five or six willing workmen; they can produce a few placards with the brush."

"Well, then," said I, "print our decrees and our Proclamation." "I will print any thing," answered he, "as long as it is not an appeal to arms."

He added, addressing himself to me, "I know your Proclamation. It is a war cry; I can not print that."

They remonstrated at this. He then declared that he, for his part, made Proclamations, but in a different sense from ours. That according to him Louis Bonaparte should not be combated by force of arms but by creating a vacuum. By an armed conflict he would be the conqueror, by a vacuum he would be conquered. He urged us to aid him in isolating the "deposed of the Second December." "Let us bring about a vacuum around him!" cried Émile de Girardin; "let us proclaim a universal strike. Let the merchant cease to sell; let the consumer cease from buying; let the workman cease from working; let the butcher cease from killing; let the baker cease from baking; let every thing keep holiday, even to the National Printing-Office, so that Louis Bonaparte may not find a compositor to compose the *Moniteur*, not a pressman to machine it, not a bill-sticker to placard it! Isolation, solitude, a void space round this man! Let the nation withdraw from him. Every power from which the nation withdraws falls like a tree from which the roots are divided. Louis Bonaparte, abandoned by all in his crime, will vanish away. By simply folding our arms as we stand around him, he will fall. On the other hand, fire on him, and you will consolidate him. The army is intoxicated; the people are dazed, and do not interfere; the middle classes are afraid of the President, of the people, of you, of every one! No victory is possible. You will go straight before you, like brave men; you risk your heads; very good; you will carry with you two or three thousand daring men, whose blood, mingled with yours, already flows. It is heroic, I grant you. It is not politic. As for me, I will not print an appeal to arms, and I reject the combat. Let us organize a universal strike."

This point of view was haughty and superb, but, unfortunately, I felt it to be unattainable. Two aspects of the truth seized Girardin, the logical side and the practical side. Here, in my opinion, the practical side was wanting.

Michel de Bourges answered him. Michel de Bourges, with his sound logic and quick reasoning, put his finger on what was for us the immediate question—the crime of Louis Bonaparte, the necessity to rise up erect before this crime. It was rather a conversation than a debate; but Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, who spoke next, raised it to the highest eloquence. Jules Favre, worthy to understand the powerful mind of Girardin, would willingly have adopted this idea, if it had seemed practicable, of the universal strike, of the void around the man; he found it great, but impossible. A nation does not pull up short. Even when struck to the heart, it still moves on. Social movement, which is the animal life of society, survives all political movement. Whatever Émile de Girardin might hope, there would always be a butcher who would kill, a baker who would bake; men must eat! "To make universal labor fold its arms is a chimera!" said Jules Favre, "a dream! The People fight for three days, for four days, for a week; society will not wait indefinitely." As to the situation, it was doubtless terrible, it was doubtless tragical, and blood flowed; but who had brought about this situation? Louis Bonaparte. For ourselves, we would accept it, such as it was, and nothing more.

Émile de Girardin, steadfast, logical, absolute in his idea, persisted. Some might be shaken. Arguments, which were so abundant in this vigorous and inexhaustible mind, crowded upon him. As for me, I saw Duty before me like a torch.

I interrupted him. I cried out, "It is too late to deliberate what we are to do. We have not got to do it. It is done. The gauntlet of the *Coup d'État* is thrown down, the Left takes it up. The matter is as simple as this. The outrage of the Second December is an infamous, insolent, unprecedented defiance to Democracy, to Civilization, to Liberty, to the People, to France. I repeat that we have taken up this gauntlet; we are the Law, but the living Law, which at need can arm itself and fight. A gun in our hands is a protest. I do not know whether we shall conquer, but it is our duty to protest. To protest first in Parliament; when Parliament is closed, to protest in the street; when the street is closed, to protest in exile; when exile is fulfilled, to protest in the tomb. Such is our part, our office, our mission. The authority of the Representatives is elastic; the People bestow it, events extend it."

While we were deliberating, our colleague Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, came in. He listened. He spoke. He energetically blamed, in a tone of sincere and generous indignation, his cousin's crime, but he declared that in his opinion a written protest would suffice. A protest of the Representatives, a protest of the Council of State, a protest of the Magistracy, a protest of the Press; that this protest would be unanimous and would enlighten France, but that no other form of resistance would obtain unanimity. That as for himself, having always considered the Constitution worthless, having contended against it from the first in the Constituent Assembly, he would not defend it at the last, that he assuredly would not give one drop of blood for it. That the Constitution was dead, but that the Republic was living; and that we must save, not the Constitution, a corpse, but the Republic, the principle!

Remonstrances burst forth. Bancel, young, glowing, eloquent, impetuous, overflowing with self-confidence, cried out that we ought not to look at the shortcomings of the Constitution, but the enormity of the crime which had been committed, the flagrant treason, the violated oath. He declared that we might have voted against the Constitution in the Constituent Assembly, and yet defend it to-day in the presence of a usurper; that this was logical, and that many among us were in this position. He cited me as an example. "Victor Hugo," said he, "is a proof of this." He concluded thus: "You have been present at the construction of a vessel, you have considered it badly built, you have given advice which has not been listened to. Nevertheless, you have been obliged to embark on board this vessel; your children and your brothers are there with you; your mother is on board. A pirate ranges up, axe in one hand, to scuttle the vessel, a torch in the other to fire it. The crew are resolved to defend themselves and run to arms. Would you say to this crew, 'For my part, I consider this vessel badly built, and I will let it be destroyed?'"

"In such a case," added Edgar Quinet, "whoever is not on the side of the vessel is on the side of the pirates."

They shouted on all sides, "The decree! Read the decree!"

I was standing leaning against the fire-place. Napoleon Bonaparte came up to me and whispered in my ear,

"You are undertaking," said he, "a battle which is lost beforehand."

I answered him, "I do not look at success, I look at duty."

He replied, "You are a politician, consequently you ought to look forward to success. I repeat, before you go any farther, that the battle is lost beforehand."

I resumed, "If we enter upon the conflict the battle is lost. You say so; I believe it. But if we do not enter upon it, honor is lost. I would rather lose the battle than honor."

He remained silent for a moment, then he took my hand.

"Be it so," continued he, "but listen to me. You run, you yourself personally, great danger. Of all the men in the Assembly you are the one whom the President hates the most. You have, from the height of the Tribune, nicknamed him 'Napoleon the Little.' You understand, that will never be forgotten. Besides, it was you who dictated the appeal to arms, and that is known. If you are taken, you are lost. You will be shot on the spot, or, at least, transported. Have you a safe place where you can sleep to-night?"

I had not as yet thought of this. "In truth, no," answered I.

He continued, "Well, then, come to my house. There is perhaps only one house in Paris where you would be in safety. That is mine. They will not come to look for you there. Come, day or night, at what hour you please; I will await you, and I will open the door to you myself. I live at No. 5 Rue d'Alger."

I thanked him. It was a noble and cordial offer. I was touched by it. I did not make use of it, but I have not forgotten it.

They cried out anew, "Read the Decree! Sit down! Sit down!"

There was a round table before the fire-place; a lamp, pens, blotting-books, and paper were brought there; the members of the Committee sat down at this table; the Representatives took their places around them on sofas, on arm-chairs, and on all the chairs which could be found in the adjoining rooms. Some looked about for Napoleon Bonaparte. He had withdrawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT CYPRUS.

Cyprus. Its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples. A Narrative of Researches and Explorations during Ten Years' Residence as American Consul in that Island. By General LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It would seem natural in noticing this long-expected volume to speak first of its archæological value. But the peculiar and charming style of the author and the plan of the book arrest our attention, and we are compelled first to note the surprise with which we find it as readable as a story—bright, sparkling with humorous incident, genial, and companionable. It is a book of rare quality. We were about to say it is not a learned book at all, and yet it is full of learning, giving, we venture to say, to the most accomplished scholars a vast deal of instruction, which they will gladly acknowledge, and confirming the author in his already high place among archæologists. But this instruction is conveyed in a narrative whose interest is more than that of any fiction. It is the relation of the life of an explorer among Turks, Arabs, and Greeks, in a delicious climate, on an island whose modern beauty tempts one to forget among the picturesque scenery of its shores and the variety of its queer inhabitants the fact that its soil covers the remains of Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans who have in succession lived above its ground, and gone to graves beneath it, carrying their household goods and gods with them.

The very landing of the general impressed him with the idea that, though Cyprus was solemn in its antiquity, it was comical in its modern life. Nothing can be more amusing than the story of the triumphal landing of the American consular staff on the backs of porters wading ashore, and the reception of the official of the great republic by the representatives of the European powers assembled on the beach. Nor could any thing be more gratifying to American pride than the various occurrences in which their energetic consul asserted their dignity and met the insolence of Turkish officials—occurrences which he records with a keen sense of the humorous which his readers can not but enjoy.

After giving the account of his arrival in Cyprus, and the reasons which led him to undertake the exploration of its remains of ancient times, General Cesnola furnishes the reader with a brief history of the island. This chapter of the book deserves special notice as a result of laborious research. Such a history nowhere else exists. When Cesnola's discoveries were first talked about, scholars inquired for historical notices of Cyprus. They were not to be found, and, in fact, no one had ever thought of making them. Ancient authors rarely mentioned the island. It must have been a labor of excavating into innumerable tombs of history, equal to his labors in Cypriot soil, by which the author was able to find and bring together this succinct and important chapter of history—a chapter which alone stamps the volume as of the highest importance for reference. The reader is by this made acquainted with the fact, wholly unknown to the learned world before Cesnola's time, that Cyprus was for more than a thousand years a centre of successive or intermingled Phœnician, Egyptian, and Greek civilizations prior to the golden age of Greece. Here was, therefore, a field for exploration worthy the labors of a student of the history of art or of man. No one knew any thing about the origin of Greek art, though Greek art was the admiration of all ages, and in some sense the mother of all art. Under the soil of Cyprus lay the men who had been the teachers of the builders of the Parthenon. Possibly with them lay also their works. "I will dig into this soil," said the explorer; and he dug. The marvellous results are known to the world. America rejoices in possessing them, and Europe laments that they were allowed to cross the Atlantic. Their value may be summed up in a single sentence. The vast collections made by General Cesnola have explained the origin, childhood, and growth of the beautiful arts of the human race from a date five hundred years before Solomon to the maturity of the Phidian age.

But the reader will not imagine that this is an estimate of value which General Cesnola places on his work. He makes nowhere any suggestion of its value. With a modesty that might well be imitated by other explorers, he refrains utterly from any comment on his remarkable discoveries. He had pursued them for years before any one knew that he was exploring; and *Harper's Magazine*, in an article prepared without his knowledge, by an American scholar who had visited him at his work in Cyprus, first made known to Europe and America the fact that this reticent and indefatigable man was, at his own expense and for his own gratification, digging out of the ground the lost history of archaic Greek art.

The volume is a bright, readable, delightful account of his explorations in this field. It was a strange, bewildering mixture, that under-soil of Cyprus, and the reader will appreciate it as the general describes the puzzles of the explorations. Thousands on thousands of tombs were opened. The various ages and peoples were in close proximity, but who could know that? From sepulchre to sepulchre, through rock and soil, deep under the ground, the explorer passed, now into the company of the people of twenty-three centuries ago, and suddenly into the long homes of the men who had lived a thousand years before that, and then as suddenly into the company of those modern men the Romans. Is it Greek? is it Phœnician? is it Egyptian? is it Roman?—these were the art questions he must ask himself every hour, and these are the art questions to be asked by students for long time in the Cesnola Collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The relation of what he did, the description of what he found, the illustration by engraving of hundreds of the more important objects, these content the author in the present volume, and this simple account renders the book of special value. He does not din into the ears of his hearers the cry that he has discovered treasures of the Homeric age, piles of solid gold, rings worn by kings who fought at Troy, paintings by the predecessors of Apelles, gems engraved by the men whom Greek traditions named as the fathers of art. And yet, by the book before us and the collections at the Museum, we know that he has found more regal gold, more "diadems" and "masks" and bracelets and gems, than all other explorers combined for the past twenty-five or fifty years, and that a large proportion of these are of the period when "Troy was," if Troy ever was.

The charm which attends all accounts of digging for treasure and finding it is recognized by every reader. No other book contains such accounts as this, and no event in history or fiction is more startling and exciting to the ordinary reader than the culminating event in Cesnola's explorations, when he entered the vaults of Kurium, thinking himself in a tomb, and found that he had broken into the treasury of the temple, and that gold and silver lay in heaps around him. This to the lover of romance is an event of wonderful interest; but to the scholar it is of vastly more interest and importance that this gold and silver was wrought into shapes of beauty by the hands of ancient men, and that the gems were engraved by artists in an age preceding any former known works of the kind. Although General Di Cesnola, with his invariable reticence, only describes the beautiful works, the volume is enriched with an appendix, in which Mr. King, the recognized authority in England, arranges, classifies, and comments on the gems, pronouncing their value as works of art above price, and their historical importance as perhaps unequalled elsewhere.

From this brief sketch of the book it will be seen that it is unlike other archæological works. It is rather like a book of travels among remains of old time, a relation of incidents of exploration. Fascinating the ordinary book reader by its constant accounts of the digging up of golden treasures; moving him alternately to wonder, admire, and laugh, as the author tells the incidents of his life and work; commanding the attention of the scholar, because it opens the most important field of study in archaic art to which any modern discoveries have led; substituting numerous engraved illustrations in place of tedious descriptions of objects; uniting the rare qualities of learning and pleasant chat about it—General Cesnola's book will be acceptable to all classes of book readers, and of permanent value in all time to come. The American edition is much better than the English, containing additional matter, and an appendix by John Taylor Johnston, Esq., president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, giving a brief but complete summary of the results of Cesnola's explorations: a marvellous summing up, which the author, with characteristic modesty, had omitted to give in the English edition, but which forms a fitting conclusion to this story of the most important of modern explorations among ancient remains.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FITTING commentary upon the justice of the award of $5,500,000 made to Great Britain by the Halifax Commission, as representing the value in money to the Americans of the privileges of the inshore Canadian fisheries, is shown by a statement of the Boston Fish Bureau that the total number of American vessels visiting the Gulf of St. Lawrence for mackerel during 1877 amounted to 140, their average catch being 137 barrels, or a total of less than 20,000. This indicates an average loss of a considerable amount of money to every vessel.

The whole question before the Commission hinged essentially upon the Gulf of St. Lawrence mackerel catch, for which an annual average of about $460,000 was allowed for the treaty period of twelve years. During the year 1877 the duties on British mackerel from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, if they had not been remitted by the treaty, would have amounted to about $180,000, apart from the still greater sum that would have accrued from the other forms of prepared fish.

Captain **HOWGATE** has published a pamphlet in reference to the preliminary arctic expedition of 1877, which was fitted out, mainly through his exertions, under the command of Captain **TYSON**, and sent to Cumberland Gulf for the purpose of securing material and supplies for a more permanent enterprise, for which he hopes to receive the countenance of Congress at the present session.

The party consisted of thirteen, all told, and included a meteorologist and photographer, Mr. O. T. **SHERMAN**, and a naturalist, Mr. L. **KUMLIEN**, who was furnished by the Smithsonian Institution. The vessel, of fifty-six tons burden, and strengthened for her voyage, left New London on the 3d of August. It was suitably equipped with provisions, ammunition, charts, instruments, etc., the instruments being furnished to a considerable extent by various departments of the government.

The latest advices from the vessel were of September 29, from Niuntilic Harbor, Cumberland Gulf, announcing its arrival on the 13th of that month, after a voyage of forty days. The party was to proceed at once to the head of the gulf to secure sledges, clothing, dogs, and the appliances necessary to the more extended operations, which, it is hoped, will be prosecuted the coming year.

According to her orders, the vessel was to proceed to Disco in August, 1878, to meet the permanent party which Captain **HOWGATE** hopes to be enabled to send out this year; and in the event of the failure of the new enterprise to put in an appearance by the 15th, the sledges, clothing, and dogs were to be left in the care of the Governor of Disco, the natives carried back to Cumberland Island, and the whole party to return to New London.

An organization was effected at the meeting of philologists at Tübingen during the past summer of a German society for research in Palestine. A board of directors was appointed, and arrangements made for the publication of a journal to be used in furtherance of the main object. This is to appear quarterly, at a subscription of ten marks. The first part will contain the necrology of Dr. T. **TOBLER**, the eminent Palestine specialist.

KAEMMERER states that he has finally succeeded in detecting gelatine in spring water by means of the tannin reaction; and that this condition, when it exists, is one of serious moment in epidemics of Asiatic cholera and some other forms of disease.

The test solution used by him consists of 2 parts of tannin, 1 part of sugar, 3 parts of water, and 5 of alcohol, and when gelatine is present, it causes a flocculent deposit. The presence of this substance depends upon the development of certain forms of minute algæ, the death and decomposition of which constitute an important element in the impurity of the water.

The death of Mr. **DUNN**, the author of some works on physiological psychology and medical psychology, is announced by the *Athenæum* as having taken place in the beginning of November.

Among recent announcements of interesting zoological discoveries by Professor **MARSH** is that of a new order of extinct reptiles from the Jurassic formations of the Rocky Mountains. The single species *Stegosaurus armatus* is presented as the type of a new species, genus, family, and order.

This animal was of large size, probably thirty feet long, and aquatic in its habits.

The Norwegian deep-sea sounding expedition of 1877 returned to Bergen on the 23d of August, having satisfactorily accomplished its objects. It will continue its labors next year, and investigate the region between the North Cape and Jan-Mayen Island, to the north of Spitzbergen, possibly proceeding eastward in the direction of Nova Zembla, to determine the position of the isothermal line of 32° at the sea-bottom, which is considered to be the limit of the range of the cod-fish.

This is certainly not the maximum limit in North America, as the very extensive cod-fisheries off Block Island and No Man's Land are prosecuted where the temperature is 46° to 54°.

From a careful criticism of the results of the British transit of Venus expedition, Professor **AIRY** announces the distance of the earth from the sun's centre to be 93,375,000 miles, which is somewhat greater than was expected, but believed to be more reliable than any statement heretofore presented.

The commercial value of some forms of artificial ice is seriously lessened by its opacity or cloudiness, which gives rise to the impression of its impurity. This opacity is generally the result of the inclosure of innumerable minute air bubbles at the time of freezing. A simple method of preventing this defect consists in passing purposely a current of air through the water about the time of congelation, which in its ascent carries with it all the minute bubbles, and leaves the ice perfectly transparent.

An excellent opportunity for the observation of the phenomena attendant upon full solar eclipses will be furnished in the United States by the eclipse of the 29th of July next, as this will be total in the western part of North America and in the island of Cuba. The longest duration of totality will be in the southeastern part of British Columbia; and in the States, on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in parts of which the time of totality will exceed three minutes. It is suggested that at or near Denver will be the best place of all for the observation, as it is very easily reached, and the sun's altitude at the time of the eclipse will be quite considerable.

Professor **KNAPP**, of Brunswick, Germany, has lately called attention to the very great value of a new process for tanning leather by means of the salts of iron, the principal material being prepared by adding enough nitric acid to a boiling solution of iron vitriol to produce a complete oxidation of the salt. After the development of the gas is complete an additional quantity of iron vitriol is added to the solution now holding the iron in the form of an oxide.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged as they got into their carriage by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. One morning as Mrs. V—— stepped into the carriage the woman began, "Oh, my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to your honor's honor; for sure I did dream last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honor gave me a pound of tobacco." "My good woman," said the general, "dreams go by the rule of contrary." "Do they so?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must mean that your honor will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco."

A father of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was, "I have three sons, and they have each five sisters." "Mercy!" replied the interrogator; "such a family!"

An experienced boy says that he regards hunger and his mother's slipper as about the same, as they both make him holler.

YOUNG LADY (*to a Junior*). "Man should not be alone."

JUNIOR. "Correct."

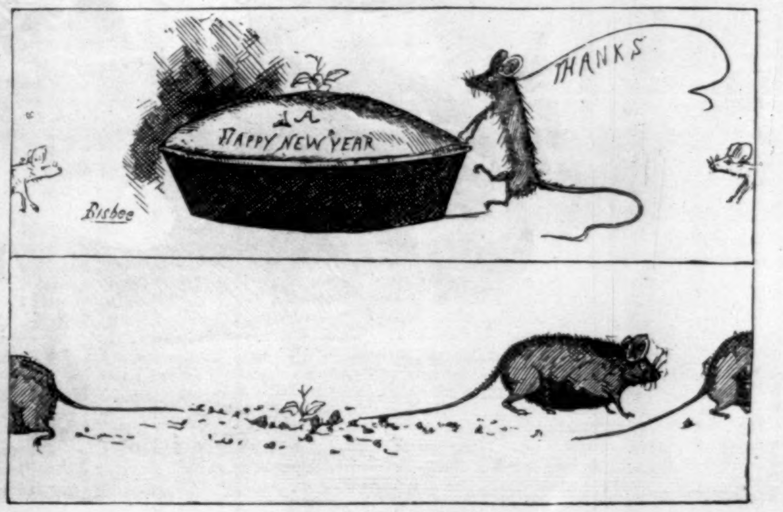
YOUNG LADY. "Therefore he should buy a dog."

"Do lean a little more on my arm, Miss M——," said a late reverend doctor to a lady, as one evening he was conducting her home from a party. "Unless a gentleman feel the gentle pressure of a lady's arm, where is the pleasure?" "And unless she has some support, where is her profit?" exclaimed Miss M——.

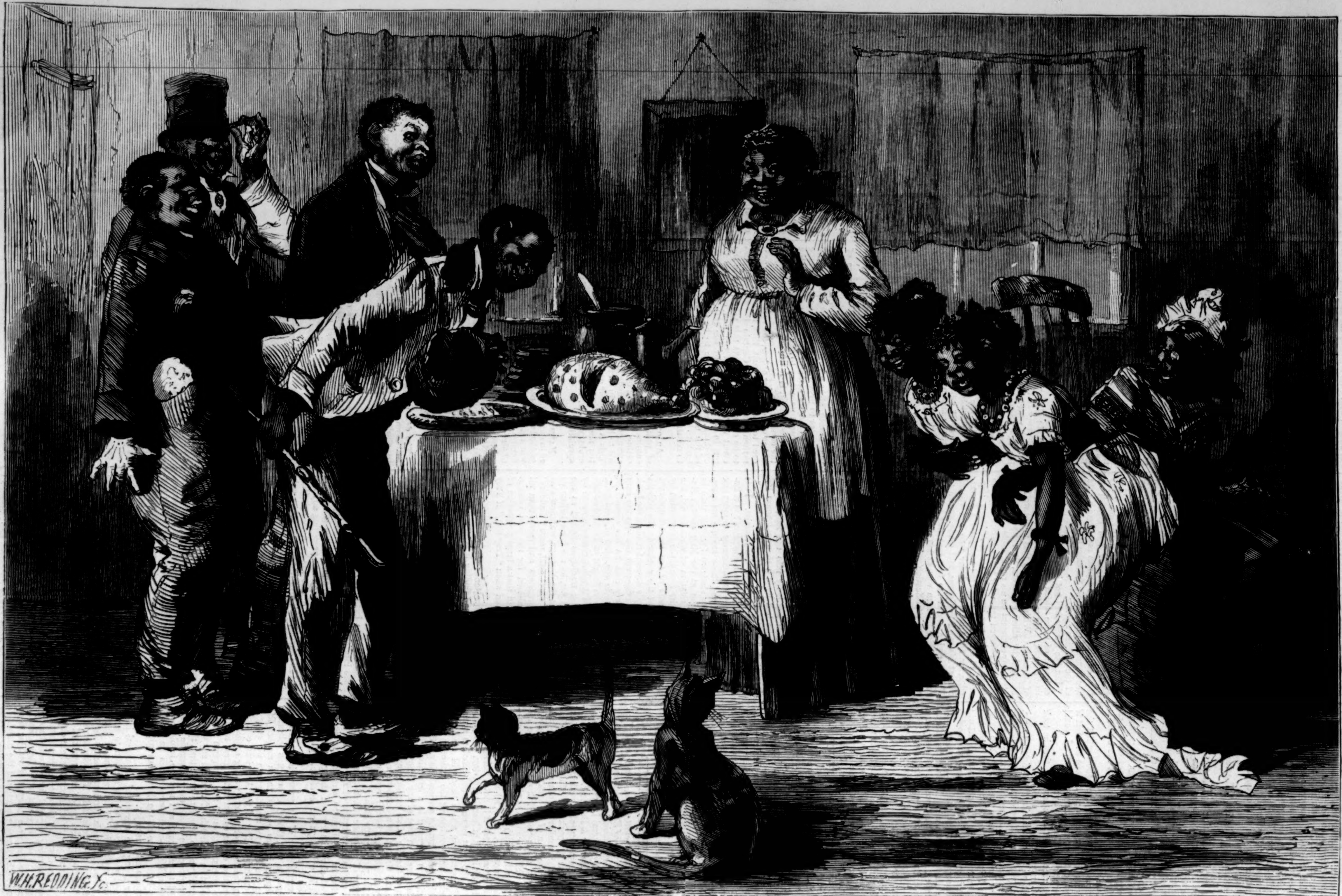
PRIEST. "Now tell me, Doolan, truthfully, how often do you go to the chapel?"

PAT. "Well, now, sure, oi'll tell yer riv'rence the truth. Faix, I go as often as I can avoid."

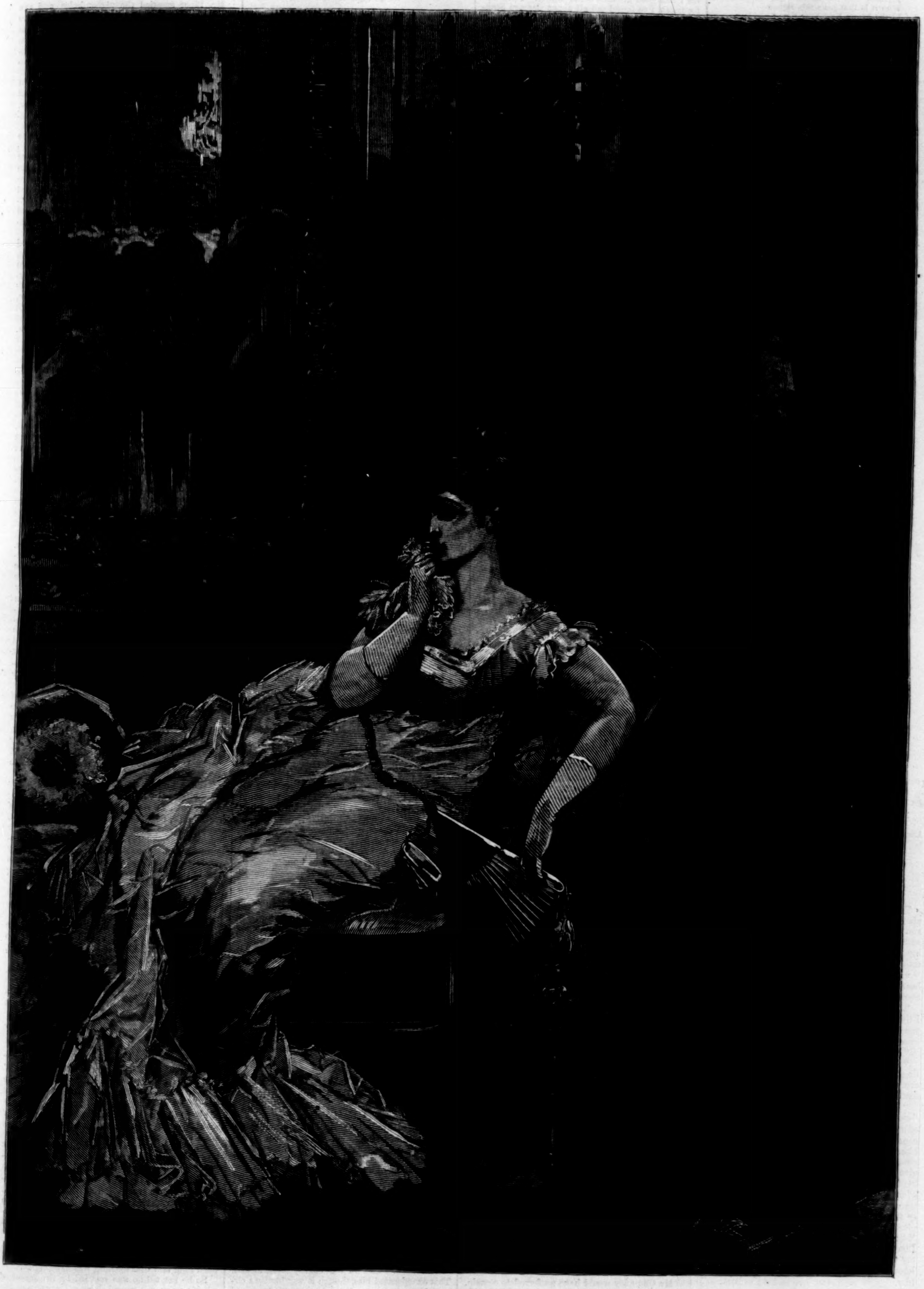
A man of sagacity being informed of a serious quarrel between two of his female relations, asked the persons if in their quarrels either had called the other ugly. On receiving an answer in the negative, "Oh, then I shall soon make up the quarrel."



SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.


W.H.REDDING Sc.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN BLACKVILLE—THE TWINS RECEIVE.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]



THE NEXT PARTNER.—Drawn by F. Regamey.—[See Poem on Page 34.]

THE NEXT PARTNER.

[See Illustration on Page 33.]

I.

WOULDST thou ask, my Lady fair,
Princess with the scornful air,
Who it is that pens this rhyme
In the happy New-Year time?
Chase thou back the smiling hours
To the reign of summer flowers:
Who then knelt to kiss thy feet?
Was it Ronald, Lady sweet?
Who then spurned the love so true—
Princess royal, was it you?

II.

Hist ye, maid with frozen heart,
I have learned the painter's art.
"What the subject I would paint?"
Dainty dames grow sometimes faint.
Dost remember New-Year night?
Ronald saw a grewsome sight:
Dancers fill the stately halls,
Music softly throbs and falls,
Myriad pictures lend their grace,
Gold and jewels mark the place;
But on couch all satin lined
Ronald sees a form reclined,
Marks the heaving of a breast,
With what deadly weight opprest!
Looks beyond proud beauty's veil,
There to read a ghastly tale.
Hark! my Lady: on that breast
Soon the grave-worm's slime shall rest;
Yonder light within the eye
Only glares from things that die.
See the moisture on that brow—
Golden ringlets lie there now;
Soon their yellow gleam shall ring
Such a pestilential thing
That it must be hid away
In the sodden church-yard gray.

III.

Ha! methinks such horrid tale
Well might make my Lady pale;
Yet, sweet Princess, joy of wealth
Sorely needs support of health.
Dost remember in thy youth
Ronald ever told thee truth?
Now he never stoops to lies
When his pencil's power he tries.
Princess, in the radiant days,
Bright with summer's golden haze,
Had I drawn thy bridegroom's face,
It perchance had lacked in grace,
Wanted bold and haughty stare,
Such as knights and barons wear;
Somewhat rough had been the arm
That had shielded thee from harm,
Somewhat fierce the stubborn will
That had kept thee from all ill:
Ronald's wife, not Fashion's slave,
Had not found an early grave.

IV.

Hist ye now! A spectre grim
Wooes thy smiles instead of him.
When I sketched that dainty form
Lying on the cushions warm,
There that awful spectre stood,
Ghastly, wanting flesh and blood.
Fashion's guise he fain would wear,
Waiting like a lover there,
But the dance he seemed to claim,
As a simple partner came.
Yet I read that awful face,
Knew his errand in that place;
Yea, I knew him, Lady sweet;
He'll not stoop to kiss thy feet;
Close beside thy form he'll wait,
Yielding not to scorn or hate.
Thou art his, and his alone;
Think you he'll not claim his own?
Ronald's love, with bated breath,
Needs must clasp her bridegroom—Death.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.—(*Continued.*)

OPENING HIS EYES.

THEY had turned out of the farm-yard into the plantation, a pleasant place for a morning walk and a friendly chat. The ground was carpeted with fir needles, and Mr. Piper had trodden for himself a narrow track under the trees while he smoked his after-breakfast cigar.

"Now, old Chum," he said, "nobody can overhear us here. Say your say. It's something about yourself, I suppose?"

"No, it isn't. It's something about you. Now I think you know that I've always looked up to you and honored you, that I'd go through fire and water for you—real fire, and real water."

"Yes, I know that. Go on."

"Now I don't like to see the man I honor putting himself in a false position, as you are doing every day you tolerate this fellow Standish's attentions to your wife."

"Don't be a fool," cried Mr. Piper, angrily. "Do you suppose I don't know how to take care of my wife? She likes to have Standish here because he's the fashion, and every body runs after him. I like her to have him here for the same reason. The Porkmans and the Timperleys would give their eyes to be as intimate with Captain Standish as we are, but they haven't the knack of making their houses pleasant to a man of his stamp. Bella has. She's spent my money pretty fast, but I don't begrudge it to her, for she's given me a position in society that I never had in Moggie's time, and I'm not too proud to own it. Don't you come here to insinuate any thing against my wife, Chumney, or you and me will cease to know each other," concluded Mr. Piper, with dignity.

He was incensed with Chumney, but he was not in the slightest degree moved by what Chumney had said. His faith in Bella was rooted deeply. It was intertwined with his faith in himself, and that was invincible.

"I couldn't be jealous if I tried," he said. "My self-respect wouldn't allow me."

"I don't want you to be jealous, but I want you to respect yourself," answered Chumney. "I might have spoken sooner, perhaps, but I waited till I had good grounds for speaking. First and foremost, I've found out all about Captain Standish. He's a bad lot."

"He's received every where in the highest society."

"There are a good many bad lots going about in high society, without any brand upon 'em either. He's not a man I'd receive in my house if I had a house."

"But you haven't, you see," said Piper, testily. "That makes all the difference. Perhaps if you had a big house, like this, and wanted to fill it with pleasant people, you'd lower your standard of morality a bit. It's all very well for Diogenes to be particular about what company he keeps. He's only got his tub to fill, and he can fill that himself."

"Don't let's beat about the bush, Piper. Would you like your wife to receive a present—something to the tune of a couple of hundred pounds—from such a man as Captain Standish?"

"I wouldn't let her receive such a present from any man, and she knows it. Her own sense must tell her," exclaimed Piper, getting warm.

"You can't always trust to a woman's sense, particularly when she's young and pretty," said the cynical Chumney. "I say your wife has received such a present—though I'll give her the benefit of the doubt and say she doesn't know any thing about it—and by so doing has made you and herself the talk of the Great Yafford Club."

"What present?" asked Piper, pale with rage.

"The horse she rides."

"That's the biggest lie that's been told at the club for a long time, though they're good at lies there. The horse my wife rides was given her by me. I wrote a check for a hundred pounds and put it in her hand. All Standish did was to choose the horse at Tattersalls."

"Do you think such a horse as that is to be bought for a hundred pounds? Your friends at the club know all about the horse. It was the gem of Sir Thomas Willoughby's stud, and sold for three hundred and thirty guineas. The difference between your check and the auction price was a gift from Captain Standish to your wife. You have boasted of getting Erebus for a hundred pounds, and have been laughed at by men who know all about the horse. I had heard some queer things said, but I only learned the truth last night."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Piper. "Why should Captain Standish spend his money on a horse for my wife?"

"I don't know why, but I know he has done it," returned Chumney. "Read that!"

He handed Mr. Piper a cutting from *Bell's Life*.

"That's from a paper two Sundays old," he said, "but I only got it last night."

It was the description of a sale of hunters at Tattersalls. The following paragraph was marked at the side in red ink:

"One of the gems of the stud was Erebus, a lady's hack, fifteen two, rising six, black, without a white hair about him, and perfect in every point. This horse was knocked down to Captain Standish, at three hundred and thirty guineas, after a lively competition."

"How do I know it is the same horse he bought for my wife?" asked Mr. Piper, when he had read the paragraph.

"I don't see much room for doubt. It's neither a common name nor a common color. Of course there may be no particular harm in a man spending his money to eke out your gift to your wife, but I think it puts you in a false position."

"Think!" roared Mr. Piper. "It puts me in a position that will oblige me to kick Captain Standish out of my house; and if I thought my wife knew it—knew that she was riding a horse bought with that man's money—I would shut my doors upon her as readily as upon him. I may be a fool about Bella, but I'm only a fool within certain limits. There are bounds, Chumney, bounds that I sha'n't overstep. But I don't believe she knows it; no, she could not be so ungrateful—she could not be so base as to degrade me in any man's eyes—after my lavishing my money upon her—picking her out of the gutter to make a duchess of her—giving her an honest man's love into the bargain. No; I can believe any thing of that fellow's audacity, but nothing against her. Don't ask me to think ill of her."

"I don't," said Chumney, "but I think it's high time this philandering with Captain Standish should be put a stop to, and I fancy I've shown you a good reason for stopping it. I hope you don't think I've gone beyond my duty as a friend."

"No, Chumney, no; you have done your duty, and I shall do mine. The horse shall go back to Standish's stable this afternoon, and Standish shall never cross my threshold again. But if you hear men talk of this at the club, be sure you tell them that my wife knew nothing about it. She has been the victim of a fop's impertinence—that's all."

"I will, Mr. Piper. You may be sure of that."

"And now you'd better make yourself scarce, Chumney. I'd rather be alone when my wife comes home from her ride."

"You won't be violent?" urged Mr. Chumney.

"No, Chumney, I am too angry to be violent. If I laid my little finger upon Standish it would mean murder. I feel it in me to do something dreadful. Don't you be frightened, Chum. I shall treat him with the utmost civility. I shall only let him understand that his little game is found out. Good-by."

Mr. Chumney would have preferred to remain. He had an idea that his friend wanted him in this crisis of his domestic life; but Mr. Piper thought otherwise, and was too resolute a man to allow himself to be overruled. So Chumney went away unrefreshed and disheartened. He did not go back to Great Yafford immediately, but stopped at the town to regale himself with a temperate luncheon of bread and cheese and ale.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A SHORT RECKONING.

WHEN Chumney was gone Ebenezer Piper walked up and down the narrow track in the pine plantation, ruminating upon what he had been told. Why should any man, however princely in his ideas, make a gift of two hundred and thirty guineas to another man's wife? Such a thing could hardly happen without implying evil design in the giver. Bella might be innocent, but this man was guilty. This gift of the horse was one act of many, all tending toward a villainous conclusion.

And then there came back upon Mr. Piper's mind the whole history of his wife's acquaintance with Captain Standish; how this man, whose reputation had been made by an insolent exclusiveness, had been from his introduction at the Park a constant visitor. Mr. Piper had been flattered by this distinction, and had ascribed Captain Standish's preference to an epicurean appreciation of his fine house, and an intellectual pleasure in his conversation.

Now, all at once, he saw the past in a new light, and knew that he had been blind and deaf and foolish. Bella's pretty face had been the attraction; Bella's winning manners had been the lure.

"If I thought that she had encouraged him, knowing his drift, if I knew that she had been false to me by so much as one erring thought, I would have done with her at once and forever. She owes me too much. No, it is impossible. It isn't in human nature to be so base. And that pretty little smiling face of hers. No, that could not lie."

This was how he argued with himself. Yet there was no assurance in his mind. His self-respect was strong still, his belief in his own claims and merits still unshaken, but there had appeared to him a vision of a phenomenal falsehood, a preternatural iniquity in woman.

"If he spent his money for that horse, and she accepted the gift knowingly, it was not his first gift," he said to himself. "There have been letters passing between them, perhaps. I'll search her room, and if I find one shred of evidence against her, she shall stand condemned. I'll have no half measures. Either she's my true and honest wife, or she's—something that shall have no shelter under my roof. She must be all or nothing to me."

He went back to the house.

"Has your missus come back?" he asked the footman idling in the hall.

"No, Sir."

It was nearly three o'clock, long past the usual hour for luncheon. Mr. Piper passed the open doorway of the dining-room through which he could see the table laid for the mid-day meal with that modern elegance and glow of color which Bella had substituted for the commonplace arrangements that had prevailed before her time. He went up stairs with a heavy step, and walked straight to his wife's boudoir. It was a gem of a room at the end of the corridor, with a large bay-window overlooking the garden, a room bright with all the luxuries and frivolities the second Mrs. Piper had accumulated during her brief reign—buhl, Sèvre, ormolu, tortoise-shell, ivory, malachite, céladon, turquois, rose du Barry, every color and every substance, rose-bud chintz, old lace, a carpet of velvet pile.

Mr. Piper, standing at gaze and breathing his hardest, in the centre of this crowded toy-shop-room, looked very much like the traditional bull in the china shop, and an infuriated bull to boot. He had come there with a purpose, but for the moment he paused irresolute. He felt ashamed of himself for doubting his wife ever so little. The sight of this room re-assured him.

"Didn't I give her every one of these things?" he said to himself. "How can she help being fond of me?"

And then just at that moment his eye lighted upon something which he had not given her. A Parian statuette on a black marble base, famous Danneker's Ariadne.

"No, I didn't give her that," he said, "and it wasn't among her wedding presents. That's something from *him*."

The table was covered with books. He took up one in cream-colored calf, gilt edged, tooled, an exquisite specimen of Rivière's binding—Alfred de Musset's poems.

On the fly-leaf there was a name written—a name that was almost strange to Mr. Piper, though his second wife had signed it in the marriage register.

Isabel.

Isabel, written in a bold masculine hand, beneath it a date, and two words in a language that Mr. Piper knew not.

Zum Gedächtniss.

He tossed the book aside, as if it were some reptile that had stung him, and went on with his investigation. In front of the window there stood an old Dutch escritoire inlaid with many-colored woods, a thing of numerous drawers and recesses, and quaint hiding-places, in which to keep secret store of money or documents. It might have been the joy of some Dutch housewife in days gone by, or the private treasury of some rich burgher in the fat and fertile Low Countries, where life slides gently by in an unostentatious prosperity.

Mr. Piper had seen his wife write her letters at this desk. The lid was closely shut, locked. This exasperated him, though it was hardly a circumstance to be wondered at that a lady should lock her desk. In Mr. Piper's present temper it seemed an evidence of guilt. He tried to wrench open the lid by means of its delicate brass handles, and failing in this, he took out a strong knife which he used for lopping an occasional withered branch in his park or gardens, and prized the lock. Within, all things were neatly arranged. Packets of dainty note-paper and envelopes, pen-holders in gold and ivory, mother-of-pearl blotting-book, pigeon-holes filled with letters.

Mr. Piper emptied the pigeon-holes, and ran his eye rapidly over their contents. The letters were all undeniably feminine. No, there was nothing here from Captain Standish. But then these old cabinets generally contain some receptacles for guilty secrets, sly nests in which to hatch state or domestic treason.

Mr. Piper seized the sandal-wood beading that framed the pigeon-holes with both his hands, and drew them out bodily, in one piece, like a drawer. Behind them appeared a row of neat little recesses, each with its inlaid door.

"This is where she would keep any thing she wanted to hide," thought Mr. Piper.

He was not mistaken. In one of the recesses he found some money lying loose—a bank-note and half a dozen sovereigns. In another there was a morocco jewel-case, containing an opal cross set with diamonds, a trinket which Mr. Piper had never seen till that moment. A third recess was crammed with letters, this time unmistakably masculine.

Bella's husband sat down before the desk, and read these letters one by one carefully. His commercial instincts came to his aid and kept him wondrously cool. He arranged the letters according to their dates, and after reading one folded and indorsed it neatly before he laid it aside, as if it had been a business document. Had he been a lawyer preparing a case for the divorce court he could hardly have been more deliberate.

The first ten or twelve letters were innocent enough. Courteous little notes about archery—French novels—a volume generally accompanying the letter that recommended it—then the tone grew gradually more familiar—the notes became letters—then came sentiment—as morbidly sweet as the correspondence of Julie and her St. Preux—but happily without Julie's tendency to sermonizing. Then they grew still warmer—the old, old story, vituperation of the cruel laws that set up the accident of wedlock as a barrier against the divinity of passion.

There was a great deal Mr. Piper could not understand, but the gist of all was very clear to him. He saw that to the bottom of her heart his wife had been false, and that if she had hesitated on the brink of criminal treason, it was because she loved Little Yafford Park and the wealth that went along with it, not because she had one spark of gratitude or affection for him, Ebenezer Piper.

There was no limit to her treachery. The husband saw himself ridiculed, travestied, in the lover's letters. His ignorance, his vulgarity, were put forward as reasons why his wife should betray him. Such a man—to put the cruel insolence in plain words—was unworthy of pity; he was beyond the pale of social law—the code of gentlemanly honor did not recognize his existence. He was a cypher, like those wretched husbands in the old feudal days, from whom the lord of the soil might take every thing—bride, honor, the right of property in a newly wedded wife, as in the land they tilled and the harvest they reaped.

Mr. Piper made the letters up into a couple of neat bundles, and put them in his pocket. There was a letter for every day in the week. Captain Standish's idleness had run into letter-writing. Then, pale to the lips, but cold and firm, Mr. Piper replaced the pigeon-holes, shut the escritoire, and went down stairs to see if his wife had yet come home.

"Home," he repeated. "No, she shall never call my house by that name again."

And then he remembered his first wife, with her humble, dog-like fidelity, her narrow spirit, troubled about many things, but always true to him, reverencing him as the king of men, the epitome of wisdom. Poor Moggie, who had been pretty and buxom once, and who had kept his house so well in those happy days when he was beginning to grow rich. Ah, how different from this beautiful viper, this living lie, a creature that could smile at him and caress him while she kept those letters in her desk!

"She shall never cross my threshold again," he said to himself. "There shall be no slander, no legal separation. I'll give her a hundred a year, and she may go to the devil her own way."

The clock struck five as he went down stairs. A cold white mist veiled the park, and crept into the house. The fire glowed redly on the hearth in the hall, before which the footman sat in a Glastonbury chair, reading the newspaper.

"Mrs. Piper not returned yet?" asked the master of the house.

"No, Sir."

The man vacated the seat in his master's favor and went off to his tea and toast in the servants' hall—such buttered toast as could never have been in the first Mrs. Piper's time, when there were close calculations weekly as to the pounds of butter that had been consumed—"made away with," the late Mrs. Piper called it when she was angry—during the last seven days.

Mr. Piper sat before the fire, looking straight into the glowing pile of coal and wood, and thinking of the letters he had just read. His mind was so full of these that the fact of his wife's prolonged absence troubled him not at all. It did not even strike him as strange that she should be so long away. That other wonder, the strangeness of her treachery—the wonder that any woman could so deceive—absorbed every thought. He sat before the fire meditating this great iniquity, and with only a dreamy sense that the day had been long and that evening was drawing in.

So he sat, till he was startled by the sound of wheels upon the gravel drive. He went to the door and looked out through the glass panel. A carriage was coming slowly up the drive, followed by a man and woman on horseback—Captain Standish and Miss Porkman. Then came a horse led by a couple of men—a black horse—that walked lame, and hung his head dejectedly.

Where was his wife among all these?

He opened the door and went out upon the broad stone steps. The carriage came up at a foot-pace. A man got out—little Mr. Namby, the village surgeon.

He came up the steps to Mr. Piper. Captain Standish dismounted and joined them.

Even in the autumn dusk Mr. Piper could see that his foe was ashy pale, and moved by some violent agitation. Standish tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"You tell him," he said to Mr. Namby, and then turned his back upon them both and leaned against one of the pillars of the portico, with his face hidden.

"My dear Mr. Piper," began the surgeon, tremulously, "something dreadful has happened."

"I know it," answered Piper, curtly.

"You have seen a great deal of domestic trouble—your poor wife's long illness; but—I—I fear this is worse than any thing you have had to go through."

"It is," said Piper.

"But how is this?" asked the surgeon, with a puzzled air. "Has any messenger come on to you? have you heard—"

"Have I heard of what?"

"The accident in the hunting field—Mrs. Piper's fall."

"Oh, she has had a fall, has she?" said Mr. Piper, with a most extraordinary coolness.

Mr. Namby thought he had gone suddenly mad.

"Yes, a very bad fall. I fear it may be fatal. Will you send for her maid, or some one? We are going to lift her out of the carriage. She is quite helpless. She must be carried to her room."

Vanessa Porkman had alighted from her horse, and came up the steps to Mr. Piper.

"Oh!" she cried. "It is so dreadful—a judgment upon us for going after the hounds without your knowledge—or pa's. It wasn't I who proposed it—indeed it wasn't, dear Mr. Piper; but I feel myself guilty for all that. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, you've been hunting, have you, my wife and you? foolish in her, for she was never on a horse till I—I beg pardon—till Captain Standish gave her one," this in tones loud enough for the ear of the captain, who stood close by.

Then Mr. Piper went down the steps and saw his wife lifted out of the carriage and carried slowly and carefully into the house. There were two doctors, Mr. Namby, and Dr. Milroyd, from Great Yafford, who had been in the field when Erebus balked himself at a bull-finch, and rolled into the ditch with his rider beneath him. Bella's maid and the butler both helped. There was no lack of aid, but Mr. Piper stood on the steps and saw the little lifeless figure in the dark green habit carried past him, and offered no help.

He was on the threshold of his door when he turned and confronted Captain Standish. All the rest had followed Bella. These two were face to face with each other and alone.

"What do you want in my house?" he asked.

"I should like to stop till—till the doctors have made their examination; to know if things are so bad as they seem to think," faltered the captain, thoroughly crest-fallen; and then, with a sudden burst of passion, he cried, "Can't you understand that I feel myself to blame for this? It was I that put the notion of hunting in her head. I feel myself her murderer."

"Yes, I understand perfectly," answered Mr. Piper. "I've got your letters in my pocket—your letters to my wife. Do you understand that, scoundrel? First you perverted her mind, and then you killed her. That's enough, I should think. You can want nothing more in my house; but when you boast of having seduced my wife, tell your friends that of all the husbands you have injured, one, at least, left a lasting mark upon you."

Mr. Piper seized the captain by the collar, and, with one crushing blow from his clinched fist, sent him rolling down the steps. Captain Standish was an accomplished pugilist, but that unexpected blow carried all the force of a strong man's outraged honor, and might have felled an ox. The tall slim figure swayed to and fro, swerved to the left, and fell face downward against the base of a stone column.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1878.

Sunday, 13.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 20.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Friday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 27.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

A VERY memorable occasion for Chicago was the celebration, on December 20, of the twentieth anniversary of the Noon Prayer-Meeting of that city. The history of this now famous religious gathering proves that indomitable pluck and persistence are as available for the furtherance of Christian as of secular interests. It was originated soon after the Fulton Street Meeting of this city, and during the first two years of its life suffered many vicissitudes. The attendance for some time varied from twelve to twenty-five persons, and "on some days," says the Chicago *Post*, "a devout old Scotchman upheld the cross alone." In 1859 Mr. DWIGHT L. MOODY became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, soon after its president, and gave a new impulse to the Noon Meeting. The Association built Farwell Hall, which was burned down in 1868, rebuilt, burned down again in 1871, and then rebuilt for the second time. During the past eighteen years this meeting has been growing in influence, until it has become one of the great Christian forces of Chicago. Mr. J. V. FARWELL took charge of the anniversary exercises. Among the persons present was Major COLE, whose preaching in the north of England and Scotland has been described in this Intelligence.

"After the series of International Sunday-school lessons, what?" is just now an important question. The seven years' term of the series will end in 1879. The question will be likely to find an answer in the International Convention, which meets in Atlanta April 17, 1878. Secretary HARTLEY, of the London Sunday-school Union, whose visit to the United States in 1873 will be remembered by many, suggests the re-appointment of the present committee, with authority to frame a second series. The present committee have the confidence of the Churches, and that fact is much in favor of Mr. HARTLEY's suggestion. The uniform lessons have done more to awaken a wide-spread interest in the study of the Bible than any other measure adopted for the promotion of Sunday-school work in the last thirty years.

Of the anxiety of some persons in Providence to hear Mr. MOODY and his companion Mr. SANKEY the following account is given by the *Press* of that city: "People come at eleven o'clock to the Beneficent Church, remain till after the service there, which closes at one o'clock, and then repair to Music Hall, and patiently wait for the doors to be opened at two o'clock, meanwhile eating the lunch they have brought with them." The *Press* thinks that when the same persons are found at the evening service, in spite of Mr. MOODY's request that they should stay away and give room for others, they put a new meaning on the apostolic advice to "be instant in season and out of season." The Music Hall of Providence holds about 2500 persons. Mr. SANKEY's singing has lost none of its old power to captivate and subdue those who hear him.

The Convention of the newly formed Protestant Episcopal diocese of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, elected, December 19, the Rev. Dr. GEORGE F. SEYMOUR, of New York, bishop. The first ballot stood thus: clergy, 13, to 1 for any other candidate; laity, 13 ayes, 2 noes. The election was subsequently made unanimous, and the episcopal salary fixed at $2500 per annum. Bishop SEYMOUR is about forty-three years of age, and since 1865 has been connected with the General Theological Seminary, in this city, as Professor of Church History and Dean. In 1874 he was elected Bishop of Illinois, but the General Convention refused to ratify the choice of the diocese.

The Week of Prayer will be observed this month by Protestants throughout the English-speaking world. The first day of the observance is Sunday, January 6. The topics announced cover a large circle of personal and social interests.

The National Reform Association, whose object is to resist the secularization of the national and State governments, and to secure a fuller recognition of the Christian religion by the States and the nation, held a Convention in Rochester, New York, December 18–20. One of the resolutions declares that "in accordance with our early history as a nation we will endeavor to retain the Bible in our State institutions of learning, and especially in our common schools; seek to restore it where it has been expelled, believing the Prussian maxim that what we wish to re-appear in our national life must be taught in our national schools." The Convention disavowed all desire to promote a union of Church and state.

Some light is thrown on the important topic of ministerial salaries in our country by the statistics of the Illinois Methodist Episcopal Conference. There are in the Conference 203 churches and 41,494 members. The ministers are 211, whose average income was $780; the average deficiency (sum less than was agreed to be paid them) was $87. The highest salary paid was $2100; the lowest, $192. Fifteen preachers received $1500 or more; fourteen, $1200 to $1500; and twenty-one from $1000 to $1200. This Conference is a fair representative of those of the Central West in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It has been doubted if education, as education goes in the United States, secular, religious, and mixed, diminishes crime. The report to the Massachusetts Legislature on the "Relations of Education to Crime" is conclusive as to that State. It claims (1) that eighty per cent. of the crime of New England is committed by those who have no education or insufficient education; (2) that in New England from eighty to ninety per cent. of the criminals have never mastered any skilled labor; (3) that nearly seventy-five per cent. of crime in New England is committed by persons of foreign extraction; (4) that from eighty to ninety per cent. of the criminals have been led to crime by intemperance; (5) that ninety-five per cent. of the criminals came from "idle, ignorant, vicious, and drunken homes."

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* states that "the German government, on what appears the eve of the next Conclave, have signified their intention to devise a more amicable *modus vivendi* if a temperate Pope, averse from interfering with the new political arrangements of Germany, be elected."

It is commonly said that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is almost wholly made up of Irish elements. The *Catholic Telegraph* gives the statistics on this point. Of the ten archbishops in the United States four are Irish, as are twenty-nine of the fifty-six bishops; of the 5200 priests 3000 are of the same nationality. The Catholic laity number 6,500,000; of this number 4,000,000 are of Irish stock. If this estimate be correct, then the number of Irish Catholics in this country is precisely equal to the number in Ireland itself.

The English Baptists are about to establish a mission on the Congo. They have sent out a small steamer, which will probably be permanently used in navigating the river.

According to the Lutheran Almanac for 1878, there are in the United States 56 Lutheran synods, 2905 ministers, 5054 churches, and 605,340 communicants; 41 ministers have died during the year. Of periodicals of all kinds, the Lutherans have 22 English, 30 German, 7 Norwegian, 5 Swedish, and 1 Danish. Their theological schools number 14; their colleges, 18; their academies, 25; their eleemosynary institutions, 30. Among the latter is an "Asylum for Aged Pastors."

In the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country the missionary dioceses are not endowed, but have hitherto been supported by annual collections. The last General Convention authorized the creation of a permanent fund, the revenue from which will be applied to all the missionary jurisdictions. The number of them is thirteen.

The effect of the Lutheran Diet, which was held in Philadelphia December 27, will be to make better known to the country the characteristics of this growing denomination. Dr. JACOBS, of Gettysburg, read a paper on the "History and Progress of the Lutheran Church in the United States;" Dr. KRAUTH, one on the "Relation of Lutherans to other Denominations;" Dr. SEISS, one on the "Misunderstandings and Misrepresentations of Lutheranism." The question of the relation of the Lutheran to other denominations has been invested with a new importance since the adoption of the Galesburg rule—"Lutheran pulpits for Lutheran ministers only, and Lutheran altars for Lutheran communicants only."

The *Watchman* (Baptist), of Boston, is of the opinion that the recent "show of hands" by Congregational ministers in relation to the doctrine of endless punishment is ominous of evil. It says: "Either there is to be another schism in the Congregational body, or it must be taken as settled that a belief in the doctrine of everlasting punishment is not prerequisite to admission into the Congregational ministry. If the latter alternative is to be the conclusion of the whole matter, the gulf that divided between the orthodox and liberal Congregationalists is filled up." It should be said that the Congregational papers do not share the apprehensions of the *Watchman*.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"A MOST remarkable winter!" is the common remark nowadays; for, although we may reasonably expect cold and snow almost any hour, while we write the weather seems almost as mild and balmy as during a November Indian summer. Holiday shopping is progressing under the most favorable auspices, but winter wraps seem rather burdensome. A year ago our citizens were rejoicing in the jingling of the merry sleigh-bells. As we write the growing grass is green; flowers are blooming in some places in this vicinity in the open air. Even the birds appear to be puzzled; for it is reported from certain sections of Queen's County that the bluebirds, which had retired to southern lands weeks ago, have returned. Yet a severe winter has been foretold; even the Kentucky goose bone of extensive fame assures its believing examiners that hot fires and abundant wraps will be imperatively necessary before gentle spring appears.

The secretary of the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor" says that "the destitution in New York was never so great as now, and want is reaching a class to whom it has hitherto been a stranger." Although the weather in December of last year was so much more severe than the past month has been, the number of applications for relief has been nearly double that of last year at a corresponding time. Not long since a lady applied to the association for relief, who a few years ago lived on Madison Avenue in comfort and luxury. She now occupies a basement room of a tenement-house with her little children, and is dependent upon the association until she can obtain some pupils to whom she can give lessons. A merchant who a short time ago was worth many thousands now lives in a garret, utterly without means until he can find employment. Such cases simply illustrate the vicissitudes of life. Let those who are able kindly help the less fortunate. None can tell how soon the time may come when they themselves may need sympathy and assistance.

St. Luke's Hospital, although its maintenance is undertaken entirely by Episcopalians, opens its charitable doors to the sick of all denominations. During the past year 812 patients not connected with that Church were received and treated. The whole number of patients during the year was 1136, nearly eighty per cent. of whom were treated free: consequently the expenses of the institution largely exceeded the receipts.

A history of Japanese ceramics has been sent to the Department of State by the United States minister to Japan. It is an illustrated volume, describing the early porcelain productions of that country. It appears, from this work, that about ten centuries ago tea was introduced into Japan, and great improvements in the art of manufacturing porcelain followed in consequence of the people having acquired a taste for tea-drinking. Ever since the production of porcelain has kept along side by side with the production of tea. Every variety of tea-pots and tea-cups comes from Japan, and the materials for the manufacture of the finest porcelain are abundant in the empire.

The *Evening Post* states that Henry R. Curtis, chief of the Secret Service for this district, announces the discovery of a very dangerous new counterfeit five-dollar note on the First National Bank of Hanover, Pennsylvania, printed from the same plate as the Tamaqua forgery. The paper is thin and crisp, and the note has a dark appearance. In the Tamaqua note the word "owing," on the back, is misspelled "ownig." In the Hanover note an attempt has been made to correct this, but two dots are left over the word—one over the *i* and the other over the *n*.

Members of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library Association will be glad to know that the second volume of the catalogue will be issued next spring. Those who, by personal examination of the first volume, are familiar with the arrangement and special features of the new catalogue, can not fail to appreciate its excellence.

Londoners must have a rather dull time of it, if the internal brightness of their lives depends upon the amount of external sunshine they get. There is at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, England, a self-registering sun-dial, used to indicate and record the daily duration of sunshine. From this it appears that during the entire year ending April, 1877, there were only twelve hundred hours of sunshine—an average of a little over three and a quarter hours a day—at Greenwich. In London, during the whole month of December, there were only six and a half hours of sunshine. This we understand to be the record for a year ago. It is to be hoped the London sun has done better during the month just past.

One Dr. Tanner, of Minneapolis, has become famous in a new way. Desirous of probing mysteries concerning life hitherto unknown, especially in regard to prolonged fasts, he voluntarily undertook the discomforting task of exhausting the involuntary forces of his system by forty-two days of total abstinence from food, and by daily exercises so far succeeded as to be brought to the very portals of the tomb. We suppose this result was highly gratifying, as the doctor announces his willingness to repeat the experiment under the strictest surveillance for $5000, the amount to be raised and deposited in any trustworthy bank in Minneapolis or St. Paul. If he succeeds in totally abstaining from food for forty days, $1000 shall be subject to his order at the expiration of the time allotted to the experiment; the remaining $4000 shall be subject to the order of the matron of the House of Refuge at Minneapolis. If he fails in abstaining from food for the time specified, he forfeits all claim to the money, but it shall constitute a fund to be used for charitable purposes.

The evils of badly constructed tenement-houses are too well known. Many attempts at reform have been made, with as yet but comparatively little success. One of the Trustees of the Brooklyn Children's Aid Society—Mr. Alfred T. White—has constructed two "Model" or "Improved Tenements," where some eighty poor families are housed in light, healthy, comfortable rooms, in which no overcrowding is permitted, where every family has its separate home and all modern conveniences, where a strict moral supervision is exercised, and yet under rents much less than the average of the usual tenement-houses.

The Fine Arts Department of Paris is considering a plan for the further decoration of the city. The grand thoroughfares are to be decorated with busts of distinguished French writers, the squares with magistrates and magnates celebrated in history, and the parks with groups illustrative of notable events from the earliest to the present time.

The attention of French soap-makers has been recently called to a new source of oil in the seed of the carapa—a tree abounding in French Guiana. It produces an abundant harvest of seeds twice a year, which, subjected to immediate pressure, give an excellent soap-making or illuminating oil.

Wild beasts and venomous snakes make sad havoc in India, and the evil does not decrease, although last year 22,357 wild animals and 270,185 poisonous snakes were killed. During the current year (1877) 54,830 cattle have been destroyed by serpents and wild animals—nearly 7000 more than last year—and no less than 19,273 persons. India is a terrible country, surely.

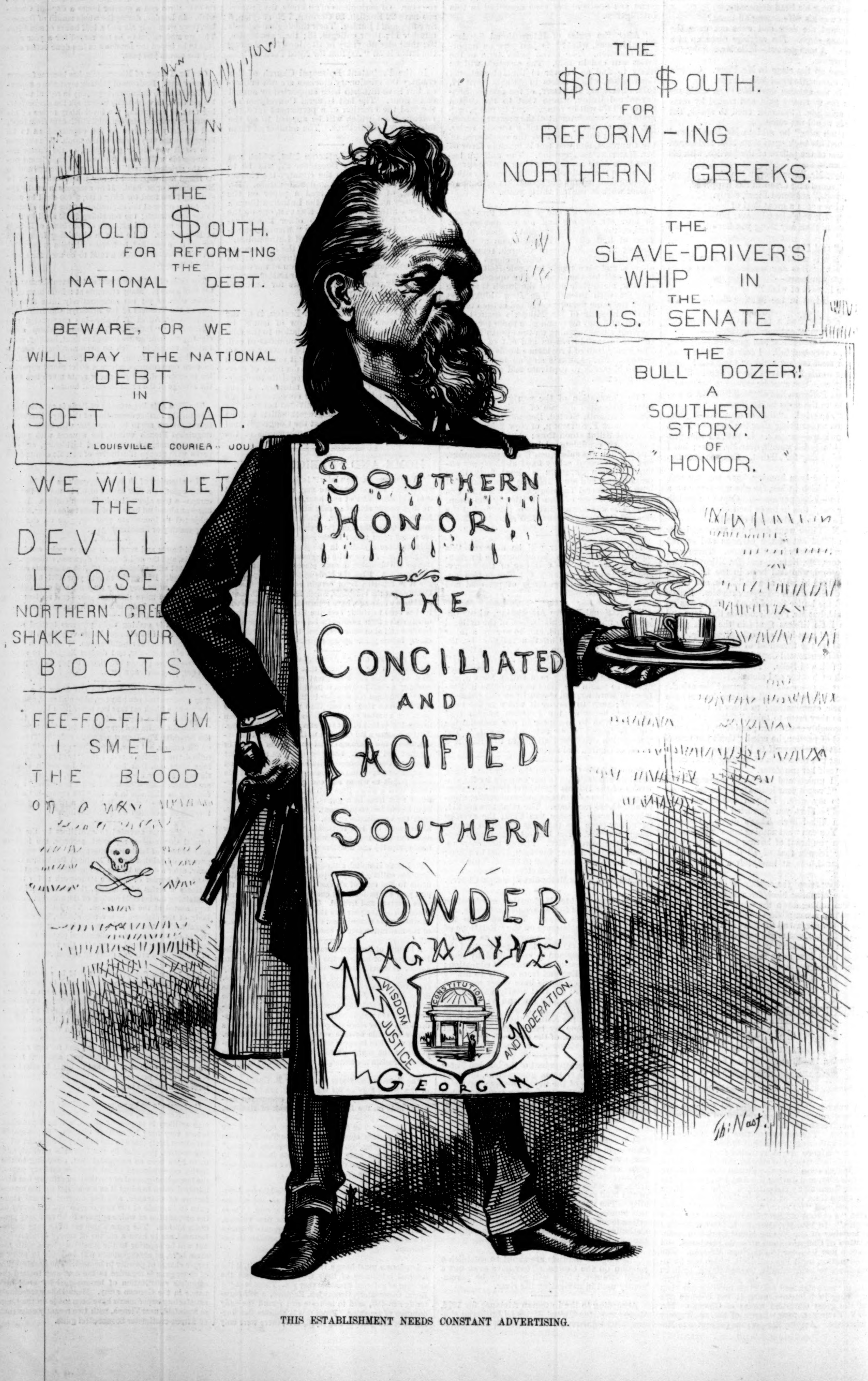
Australia is making rapid progress toward something that at this distance looks very much like absolute independent republicanism. New South Wales wants a man-of-war, and desires England to supply the vessel, the people promising to pay the expenses of equipping and running it.

Among the novelties of the Cat Show is a sleek, gray creature that can play tag, hide and seek, and skip the rope; a black cat that has never been blessed with teeth, but which enjoys life very well without them; "Jacob"—a white and gray that formerly belonged to the Brooklyn Fire Department, and rode to all the fires on the engine, but now, being fifteen years old, he has retired from active service; the "nautical cat," only four years old, that has crossed the ocean sixteen times; "Mother Puss," whose kittens, 173 in number, are scattered the wide world over; and "Joe," a performing cat that sits in a cage with canary-birds, and at his master's bidding, but with a protesting mew, touches off a cannon without blinking.

The diplomas awarded to exhibitors by the Centennial Commission represent, perhaps, the highest achievement of bank-note engraving. They were engraved and printed by the National Bank-note Company, after a design by the vice-president of that company. A border of delicate lathe-work richly tinted incloses a series of intaglios, thirty-six in number, containing the heraldic devices of the different nations represented at the Exposition. The lettering in the body of the diploma is severely simple, but fine and elegant. At the bottom, and extending the whole length of the sheet, is an allegorical picture of America distributing laurel crowns to the representatives of the different arts and different nations.

The Indiana Supreme Court held in a recent case that a railroad company is not bound to receive any person as a passenger who is drunk to such a degree as to be disgusting, offensive, disagreeable, or annoying; and a person so drunk as to be likely to violate the common proprieties, civilities, and decencies of life has no right to passage while in that condition. The comfort and convenience of passengers generally must be protected, their opinions and feelings regarded, and a proper decorum observed; although slight intoxication, such as would not be likely to affect the conduct of the person, may not be sufficient ground to refuse him passage in a public car.

It appears to be by no means unlikely that the celebrated Krupp gun, with which the whole of the German artillery is at present armed, will be superseded before very long by another weapon. Experiments have been lately made in the foundry at Spandau with bronze-steel, prepared by the Uchatius method, and these have been so successful that, according to the Berlin correspondent of an Austrian military paper, the inspection-general of the German artillery has definitely decided to adopt it as a material for the manufacture of ordnance, and has ordered several siege guns to be made of the new compound, the secret of the preparation of which appears to be now very generally known. The guns which are to be thus manufactured are to have a calibre of twelve centimeters, but will be superior to the Austrian pieces with the same bore, as arrangements will be made to allow a larger charge of powder to be used. The construction of these guns is regarded as the first step toward the complete substitution of bronze-steel for steel ordnance in the German army. Meanwhile exceedingly satisfactory experiments have been made on the range at Steinfeld, near Vienna, with two recently constructed fifteen-centimeter bronze-steel guns.


THE $OLID $OUTH. FOR REFORM-ING THE NATIONAL DEBT.
BEWARE, OR WE WILL PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT IN SOFT SOAP.
LOUISVILLE COURIER · JOU
WE WILL LET THE DEVIL LOOSE.
NORTHERN GREE
SHAKE IN YOUR BOOTS
FEE-FO-FI-FUM I SMELL THE BLOOD
THE $OLID $OUTH. FOR REFORM-ING NORTHERN GREEKS.
THE SLAVE-DRIVERS WHIP IN THE U.S. SENATE
THE BULL DOZER! A SOUTHERN STORY. OF "HONOR."
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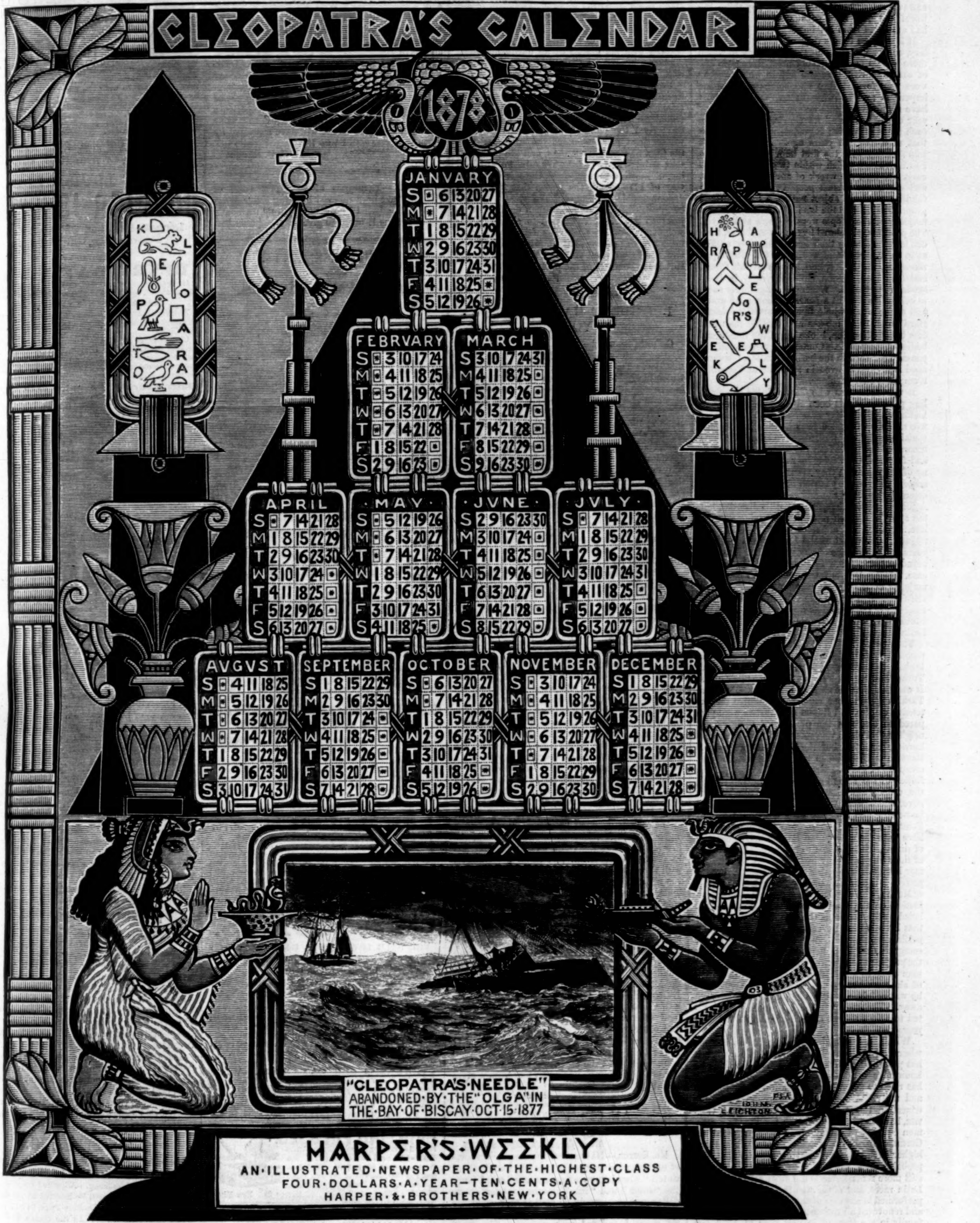
CLEOPATRA'S CALENDAR
1878
K L E O P A T R A
H A R P E R'S W E E K L Y
F.S.A
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AN·ILLUSTRATED·NEWSPAPER·OF·THE·HIGHEST·CLASS
FOUR·DOLLARS·A·YEAR—TEN·CENTS·A·COPY
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"CLEOPATRA'S·NEEDLE"
ABANDONED·BY·THE·"OLGA"·IN
THE·BAY·OF·BISCAY·OCT·15·1877

NEW-YEAR—1778, 1878.

The new year opens upon the civilized nations of the West with many clouds and more than usual sorrows. Nowhere is man at rest, the intellect satisfied, a general well-being perfectly attained. Famine, war, pestilence, revolution, earthquakes, storms, still leave behind them their tracks of desolation, poverty still laments over its deprivations, crime still haunts the cottage or the palace. Yet if we turn back a hundred years to survey the condition of men in 1777–78, we shall find that none of these evils are so pressing as they once were, and that poverty, crime, war, revolution, are shorn of some, at least, of their terrors. In 1777 the winter set in cold and keen over the American continent. The city of New York, almost a heap of blackened ruins, was occupied by a foreign garrison; the enemy held Philadelphia; Washington's army, defeated and almost powerless, hid shivering within its encampments; the prisons of New York were filled with starving patriots, and amidst royalist balls and pleasure parties, charades and plays, the people of both cities suffered the pangs of hunger, and shuddered at the fierce blasts of winter. Never was there a sadder New-Year's Day for freedom. All over the world was intense, unlimited tyranny, and the feeble spark of liberty which had suddenly gleamed out in the New World was for a moment almost extinguished. Classic grace, republican energy, and liberal progress had apparently perished forever in the wide deluge of mediæval barbarism.

It was with balls and dances, routs, processions, and gay revels, that the feudal faction in both hemispheres strove to cover up the chains of tyranny, and hide from the people—perhaps from themselves—the deeper thoughts that were already stirring the nations. Summer and winter in beleaguered New York Sir Henry Clinton and his gay and dissipated troop of officers, ladies, provincials, rode up Broad Street and along the tottering ruins of Broadway in noisy cavalcades, and filled the ruined city with the sounds of revelry; or in less afflicted Philadelphia André planned his feudal spectacles of knights, fair dames, and fanciful Crusaders, and would revive in the New World the almost forgotten masks and pageants of the days of James and Elizabeth. The ruling caste was every where lost in these puerile pleasures. In France the great nobles played at pastoral simplicity, the queen took the shepherd's crook, the maids of honor wandered amidst the shades of Trianon in rustic dress, and wealth and power affected the virtues they attributed to the suffering poor. London shone with gay entertainments, and in Hyde Park a brilliant camp was formed, and a grassy mound was raised, where the English soldiers were instructed in the irregular tactics of the Americans, and fought mock battles, chasing each other over the slippery hill. It was noticed by the crowds of spectators that they showed little readiness to learn the new drill. All over Germany there was one wide scene of dissipation, and the small German courts reflected the costly license of the ancient régime. In Russia, in the lull of the almost ceaseless wars which Catherine II. waged against Turkey, she too plunged into the maddest revelry of peace, and filled the fancy of her contemporaries with palaces that rivalled Nero's, with Tzarsko Selo, with diamonds, pearls, and rubies; and masquerades and banquets more extravagant and magnificent than any thing the world had ever seen consumed the wealth she had extracted from her impoverished realm.

It is of these things that we chiefly hear in history, and one might fancy that a world in which there was so much splendor must have been one of ease and rest, that the age in which queens were transformed into shepherdesses, or shone imperious and extravagant as SEMIRAMIS, must have slumbered in idle luxury. Happily the new year of 1878, with all its clouds, opens upon no such scene of human degradation and despair as that of a hundred years ago. In 1778 France was seething with the first impulses of that violent convulsion which within twenty years was to cover her with the wreck of ancient institutions, and create the French people. A few hundred families ruled the abject nation, a few thousand proprietors held all the land of France. The vast majority of the people were beggars and slaves. The peasants, plundered by the tax-gatherer, trodden into the dust by their feudal superiors, scoffed at in their misery and weakness, fed often upon the grass, the leaves, and berries of the forest, and died, men, women, children, yearly in thousands of starvation. When the tax-gatherer came to collect his dole at a peasant's house, he would find sometimes a whole family starved to death. Hard labor, more intense and terrible than that of a beast of burden, broke down the minds and bodies of the people. Contemned, persecuted, the peasant perished in the harness, while a few thousand land-owners lived in splendor at Versailles from his scanty earnings.

It was JEFFERSON who first painted the startling picture: it has been revived in a series of histories. But to-day how changed! In France five millions of landed proprietors share the national domain, the peasants have sprung up from ignorance and degradation to become land-owners and freemen, and decide by their votes the destiny of the republic; they are prosperous, they are content; the country is rich in spite of many disasters, powerful in the midst of apparent defeat. A foreign faction has filled it with disorder, but the spirit of French republicans, moderate, resolute, sincere, has apparently baffled all its intrigues. Compared to the France of a hundred years ago the France of to-day is a land fortunate beyond expectation. Its people are in general at ease. Instead of a few hundred thousand, the majority of the nation possess competence and self-respect. Poverty has diminished in an extraordinary ratio; and as a peaceful, industrious, educated republic, France may yet offer to the Latin races an example of true civilization.

The new year of 1778 opened upon a scene of momentary peace in Eastern Europe, soon to be broken by fierce wars in the South and North; Turkey and Russia were resting upon their arms. It was said that the vices and the weakness of the Turkish government must soon dissolve the extensive empire, and Russia and Austria were prepared to share in the plunder of their ruined neighbor. Poland was soon to be divided amidst horrible cruelties, but the Constantinople which CATHERINE II. hoped to win for her descendants escaped her grasp. Great were the vices and the follies of the seraglio, no doubt, and the divan; the crimes and the corruption of the Turkish government were the scandal of Europe. The bow-string and the sack were active at Seraglio Point. But the Turkish government seems to have been the only one in Europe that a century of experience has failed to improve. The crimes of the seraglio appear incurable. A terrible rumor hangs over the rise of the present Sultan to power: it is said that the deposed ruler, his brother MURAD, who was dethroned by an unscrupulous faction on the plea of insanity, and who is beloved by the people, is the victim of a cruel plot; that his mind has never been shaken even by the perils, assassinations, and fearful intrigues of the seraglio; that he is kept closely concealed from the people; and recently, when the unhappy young man came to his window to catch a fresh breath of air from the Bosporus, it was observed that he was rudely seized by his keepers and dragged away. The seraglio of 1878 seems even less fitted to rule a nation than was that of a hundred years ago.

Within a hundred years Russia has become wiser and gentler. It has abolished slavery; it has practiced a degree of religious toleration; its knowledge is slowly extending. But Germany has risen to a wonderful elevation of intelligence and unity. A common literature, an admirable education, the genius of SCHILLER, HERDER, GOETHE, have linked the Germans together in a common equality of thought, and have prepared the German race in every land to take part in those higher social and political aspirations that will probably mark the twentieth century. And even still more remarkable is the swift progress of the Latin races, and never was there so vast a labor performed in any century as that which has stirred and renovated all the varied members of the Latin family in the last. The new year of 1778 saw the utter subjection of the whole vast population to the papal rule. The Inquisition reigned from Madrid to Lima, from Palermo to the Vaudois valleys. All South America groaned beneath the Spanish and the papal despotism. Dead or decaying, it sank away into the gloom of mediæval superstition. BOLIVAR set it free. The silence of reaction has been exchanged for the turbulence, the vices, the crimes, of a dawning progress. And it is certain that one year of slavery, superstition, and tyranny compressed within itself more of human woe and sorrow than all the years of fierce yet advancing freedom. In the Latin races of Europe the change is still more apparent. Thirty years ago Italian unity and freedom seemed a hopeless dream. The Inquisition and the Jesuits ruled in all its petty states. At Florence men and women were imprisoned for reading the Bible; at Rome scarcely any one learned to read. The fair peninsula slumbered in corrupt and horrible decay. The seraglio and Constantinople alone could equal the gross conservatism of the papal court. But to-day the new year opens upon an Italy fair, bold, eager for knowledge, seamed with railroads, full of activity—a new nation, yet covered with the glories of an unequalled past. And even in Spain the faint glow of a better period begins to appear.

From the New York of 1778, half covered up in ruins, the centre of a reactionary faction that would have overwhelmed the New World in the feudal principles and the loose morality of the Old; from the chill and ice-clad streets along whose silent paths sounded the mad revelry of the CLINTONS and the HOWES, and the groans of the patriot prisoners; from WASHINGTON'S shivering, disheartened army—from the sorrowful new year of 1778 comes the lesson that freedom is unconquerable, and honesty and virtue never to be disarmed. Let no honest man doubt; let no just man be afraid. To them victory is ever nigh; and every new year with its friendly greeting brings fresh promise that knowledge, education, virtue, religion, shall yet repel and eradicate the barbarous instincts of the past.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

PRESIDENT HAYES IN NEW YORK.

ON page 28 will be found several illustrations relating to the recent visit of President HAYES to this city. The reception by the members of the Union League Club, which took place Friday evening, December 21, was a noteworthy and very successful social event. The President, Mrs. HAYES, the Secretary of State, and the Attorney-General stood in the anteroom on the third floor, adjoining the club-house theatre, into which the guests passed after paying their respects to the President and those with him. The rooms were tastefully decorated, and the display of works of art in the picture-gallery was unusually fine. No building in New York is better fitted than that of the Union League for a large reception, and although the number of invited guests was nearly sixteen hundred, there was neither crowding nor confusion in any of the rooms. The absence of formality and stiffness helped to make the reception enjoyable to all who took part in it.

In the afternoon of the following day President and Mrs. HAYES assisted in the formal opening of the American Museum of Natural History, in Manhattan Square, Seventy-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue. The ceremony was very brief.

The New England Dinner took place at DELMONICO'S in the evening of the same day. So many applications for invitations had been received that another dining-room in addition to the banqueting hall was improvised. In this smaller room several officers of the society sat during the dinner, there being about two hundred and fifty guests in the main hall. In the dining-room, just facing the entrance, a raised dais was constructed, running the width of the room, and here a table for the society's guests was set. Six parallel tables stretched lengthwise, with seats for forty persons at each. At seven o'clock, when these last seats were all full, President HAYES and the invited guests arrived. This was the sign for repeated applause, all the assembly rising. Mr. WILLIAM BORDEN, the retiring president of the society, conducted President HAYES to the upper table. Mr. BORDEN took the chair, the President sat at his right, and at his left Mr. EVARTS. The table was very tastefully arranged, with three parterres of flowers, interspersed with vases filled with stephanotis and Boston rosebuds. A model of the ship *Mayflower* in sugar stood before President BORDEN. There were also other symbolical designs in confectionery—a steam-engine for Progress, and for Agriculture apple orchards and a plough.

After the dinner had been enjoyed, the cloth removed, and coffee and cigars brought in, the intellectual pleasures of the evening began. Speeches in response to toasts were made by Mr. EVARTS, President HAYES, the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, President ELIOT of Harvard, President PORTER of Yale, W. W. STORY the artist, and other gentlemen. All were loudly and frequently applauded. At a late hour the party broke up in the best of humor, and with a "realizing sense" that the seventy-second annual dinner of the New England Society had been a great success.

AN OPEN LETTER.

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

ROCKPORT, MASS., *April 2d*, 1877.

MR. EDITOR,—Having read in your paper reports of the remarkable cures of catarrh, I am induced to tell "what I know about catarrh," and I fancy the "snuff" and "inhaling-tube" makers (mere dollar grabbers) would be glad if they could emblazon a similar cure in the papers. For twenty-six years I suffered with catarrh. The nasal passages became completely closed. "Snuff," "dust," "ashes," "inhaling-tubes," and "sticks" wouldn't work, though at intervals I would sniff up the so-called catarrh snuff, until I became a valuable tester for such medicines. I gradually grew worse, and no one can know how much I suffered or what a miserable being I was. My head ached over my eyes so that I was confined to my bed for many successive days, suffering the most intense pain, which at one time lasted continuously for one hundred and sixty-eight hours. All sense of smell and taste gone, sight and hearing impaired, body shrunken and weakened, nervous system shattered, and constitution broken, and I was hawking and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my sufferings. A favorable notice in your paper of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy induced me to purchase a package, and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which applies the remedy by hydrostatic pressure, the only way compatible with common-sense. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me in three-fourths of a second, nor in one hour or month, but in less than eight minutes I was relieved, and in three months entirely cured, and have remained so for over sixteen months. While using the Catarrh Remedy, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify my blood and strengthen my stomach. I also kept my liver active and bowels regular by the use of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. If my experience will induce other sufferers to seek the same means of relief, this letter will have answered its purpose.

Yours truly,

—*Com.*] S. D. REMICK.

ASTHMA.—Thousands of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by using *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy*. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give relief.—[*Com.*]

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Or the dishes all crashed,
Save the pieces, no matter how small;
For the glue is at hand,
That will make them withstand,
Nitro-glycerine, rockrent, or ball.

Save the pieces, we say,
And you'll find it will pay—
Tried old friends are much better than new.
To save these hard times,
We'll aid Christmas Chimes,
So cultivate SPALDING'S GOOD GLUE.

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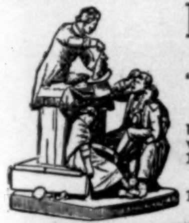

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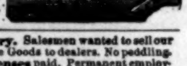

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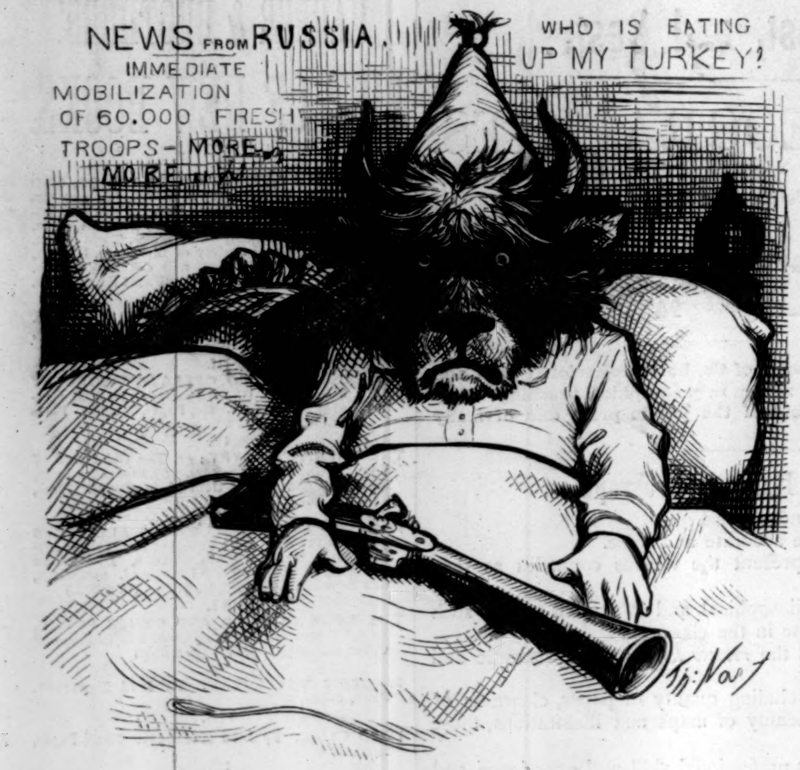
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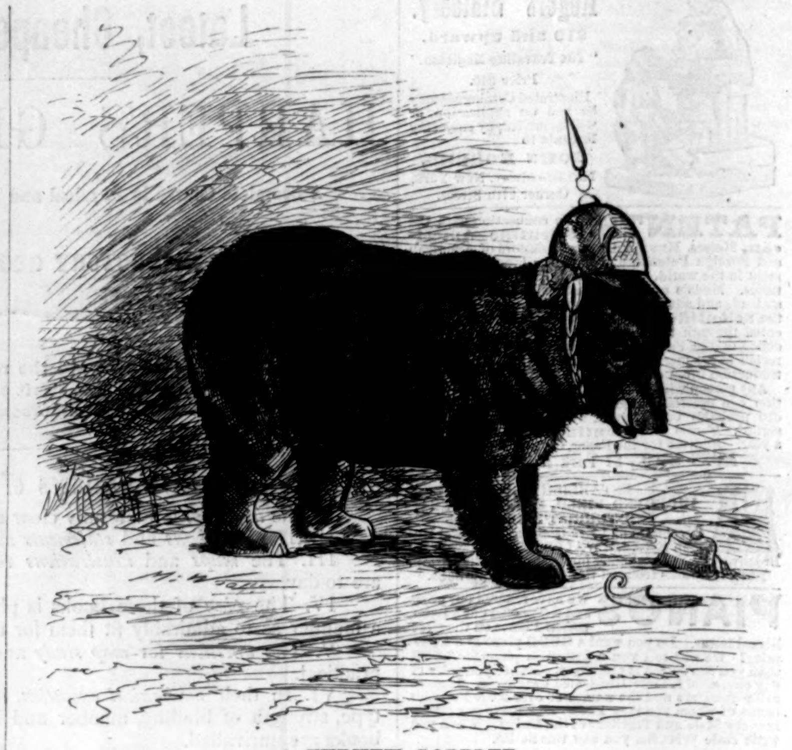

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BY

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MEM. OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN; HON. MEM. OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, LONDON, ETC.

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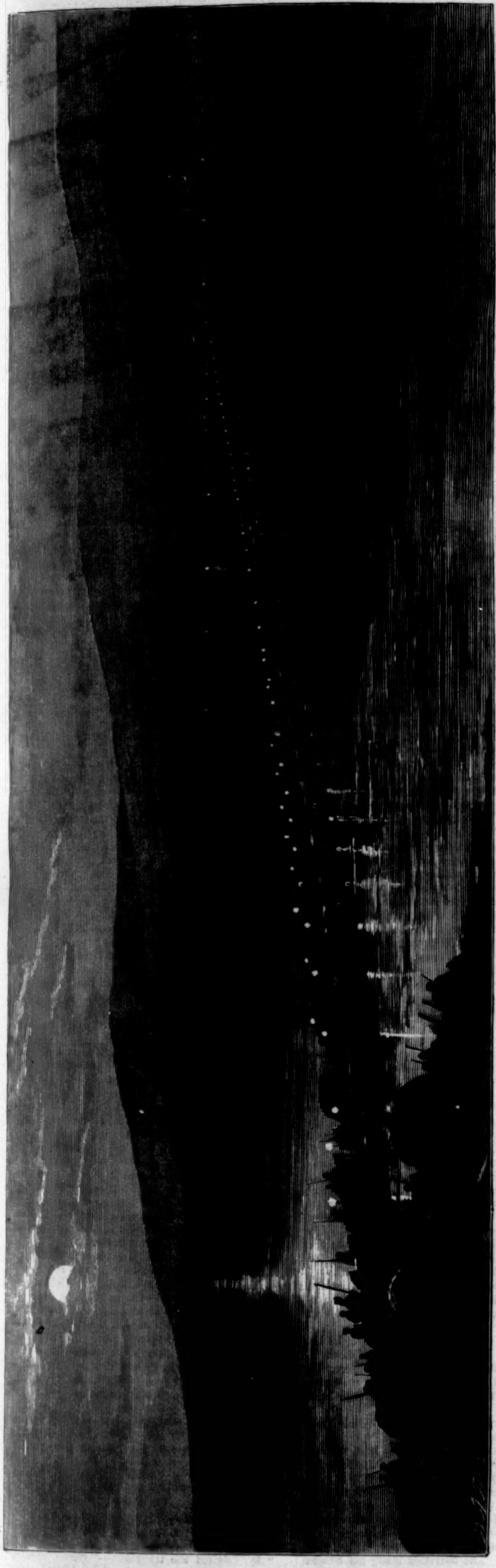
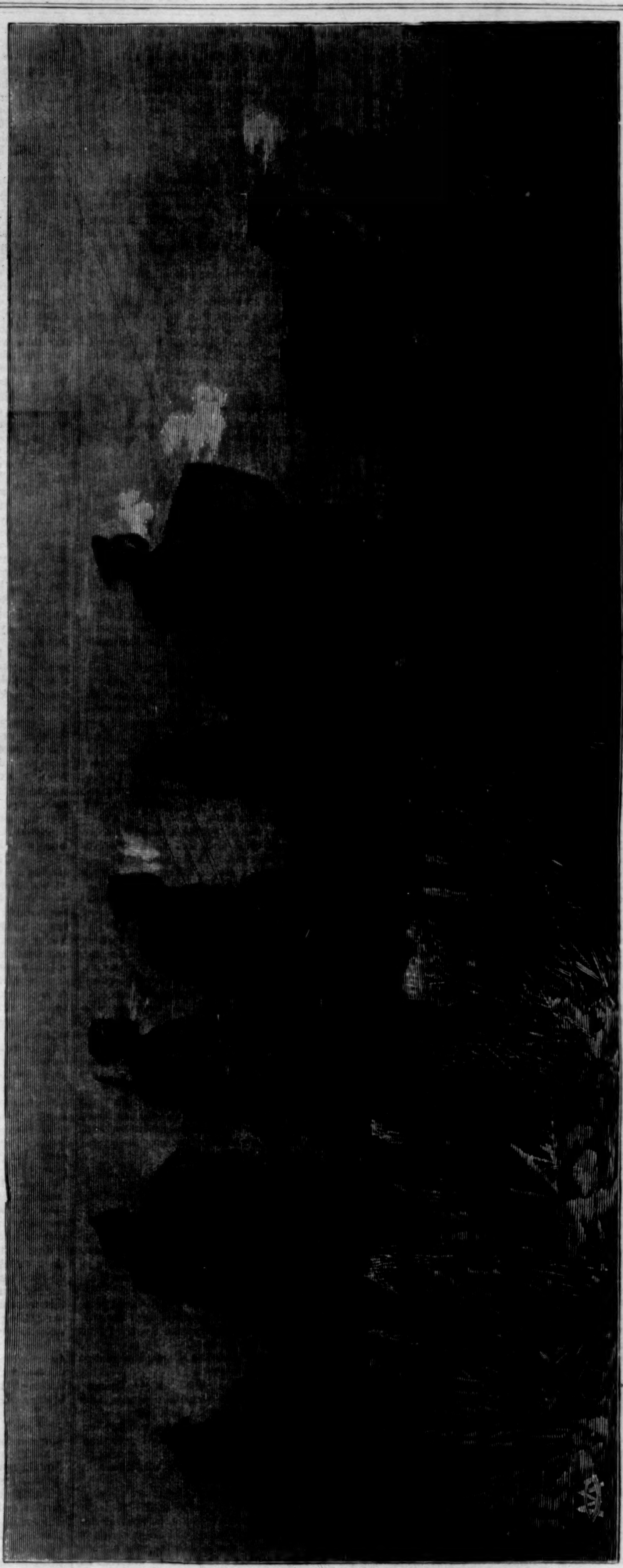


THE SISTOVA BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE AT NIGHT.



RUSSIAN OFFICERS LOST IN THE FOG NEAR PLEVNA—LISTENING TO THE MUEZZIN'S CALL.

CROSSING THE DANUBE.

The pontoon-bridge across the Danube, of which we give a picturesque sketch, lies between the Roumanian village of Simnitza and the long, straggling Turkish town of Sistova. Below Sistova for a distance of two miles the bank of the river is steep, and in some places quite precipitous. A short distance up the slope are gardens and vineyards, above which rises the bare ridge that forms the sky line. The town itself is open, and presented an admirable point at which to establish communication with the other bank.

It was not at Sistova, however, that the first attempt to cross the Danube was made. Contrary to all expectation, the great move took place at Galatz. So satisfied were the Turks that their enemies had selected a point further up the river, that no attention was paid to their operations in the neighborhood of that town. Thus for four days the Russians were allowed to labor industriously at the construction of a bridge near Braila, just below the confluence of the old and new channels of the Danube. The secret of the crossing was well kept, and every detail of the operation, which was conducted with unexampled daring, crowned with success. During the night of the 20th of June, General Zimmerman, with 1500 infantry of the *corps d'armée* and 2000 of the Fortieth Regiment of infantry, crossed the river in front of Galatz. Close in their wake came two detachments carrying with them through the inundated marshes on the river-bank a number of boats and rafts. The day following 2500 men of the Seventh Regiment of infantry joined their companions, bringing with them a quantity of cannon.

The crossing at Simnitza was effected on the night of June 27 by a body of men under command of General Dragmiroff. This attempt, like the former one, was intended as far as possible to be of the nature of a surprise, and for this reason the dispositions were postponed until after night-fall. The post of honor was given to General Dragmiroff's division, which was expected to make a footing on the Turkish side by early morning. The division under Prince Mirsky, in support, was to make a night march from Lissa, and be in position at Simnitza at 7 A.M., to follow its sister division across in the event of the latter's success. In case of failure it was to take up the fighting, and force a passage at all sacrifices, for the Grand Duke Nicholas had announced that he would tolerate no failure; the river must be crossed, cost what it might.

With the darkness General Dragmiroff began his dispositions. The first work was to plant in artificial embankments a row of field-guns all along the edge of the flats, to sweep with fire the opposite banks. This was done while the infantry was being marched over the flats down into the cover of some woods near by. The darkness and the obstructions were both so great that at dawn the preparations were still incomplete. There was no bridge, but only a number of river boats capable of holding from fifteen to forty men each. These were dragged on carriages through the mud, and launched in the darkness under the shadow of the trees. The troops embarked and pushed across as fast as the craft arrived.

"For once," says the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, "the Turks had not spent the nightwatches in heavy sleep. The few cannon of a battery posted on the bank at once opened fire on the boats, on the hidden masses among the willows, and on the columns marching across the flat. Nor was this all. From the slopes above the cove there came at the boats a smart infantry fire. The Turkish riflemen were holding the landing-place. Yolchine had not gained experience and credit in Circassian warfare for nothing. His boat was leading. The Turkish riflemen were in position about fifty yards from the shore. He landed his handful, and bade them lie down on the mud. One or two were down previously with Turkish bullets. He opened a skirmishing fire to cover the landing boats that followed, one by one. At length enough had accumulated. Young Skobeloff was there, a host in himself. Yolchine had his men fix bayonets, stand up, and follow their officers. There was a rush, and a cheer that rang louder in the gray dawn than the Turkish volley that answered it. That volley was not fired in vain, but the Turks did not wait for cold steel. Yolchine's skirmishers followed them doggedly some distance up the slope, but for the time could not press on from the base. Busily but slowly the craft moved to and fro, from shore to shore. The Russian guns had at once opened when the Turkish fire showed there was no surprise; but, however heavy a fire may be, it will not all at once crush another fire. The Turkish shells kept falling in the water, whistling through the willows, and bursting among the columns on the flat. One shell from a mountain gun fell into a boat containing two guns, their gunners, and the commandant of the battery. The boat was swamped at once, and all on board perished. This was the only serious casualty, but numerous Russian soldiers were falling on both sides of the river. Nevertheless the work was going on steadily, and when, soon after seven o'clock, I went to meet Prince Mirsky on the high ground before Simnitza, the report was that already the whole brigade of Yolchine had reached the other side, and that Dragmiroff himself had crossed." In the mean time the Turkish troops retired from their positions, which were immediately occupied by the Russians, after which the Grand Duke Nicholas crossed over with re-enforcements.

Having established themselves at Sistova, the Russians at once began to complete the construction of their bridge, and this important work, notwithstanding a violent gale and the interference of a Turkish Monitor, was ready in three days, when a large force was enabled to cross, and a general move forward was made. The Sistova bridge has not only done good service ever since it first spanned the Danube, but up to this time it has withstood the force of the current to which all the other bridges built by the Russians have succumbed. It now forms the only line of communication between Roumania and Bulgaria by means of which provisions can be forwarded to the Russian army in the latter province. It is frail, however, and not likely to withstand the influence of ice and other agents of destruction during the winter season; so that at present there is a project on foot to establish a line of ferry-boats similar to those used on our own East River. The transportation of supplies may at any moment be stopped by a storm, and great uneasiness is felt by those who are conscious of the frail connection between the two points. Every effort is being made to convey large amounts of provisions to Bulgaria as quickly as possible before the winter weather becomes severe. The artist to whom we are indebted for our sketches writes: "As every hour is now of importance in getting winter supplies to the other side of the Danube, work goes on night and day. An almost unbroken train of ammunition wagons, commissariat stores, ambulance carts, and horse and foot soldiers are to be seen crossing any time in the twenty-four hours. The sketch I send was taken on the island, there being three similar bridges across the entire span of the Danube; and these, when brilliantly illuminated at night for the purpose of this warlike traffic, have a most picturesque appearance."

The other engraving on the page refers to a singular incident that took place near Plevna. Some Russian officers, lost in a fog near the Turkish lines, discovered their perilous vicinity by listening to the muezzin's call to prayer at early morning, which is customary in every Mohammedan community. The author of the sketch, being present on the occasion, says: "As I happened to be one of the party, I took advantage of the occasion to make a sketch of the little group of anxious listeners. Anxious, I assure you, we all were, as we had been three hours out—long enough to have gone several times into the Turkish lines and back again, had the return journey been possible. We had not the remotest idea which way to turn, but presently we heard voices, and the strains of the muezzin's chant, as we supposed, floated across the foggy air. We had lost the high-road—indeed, all trace of any road—for some time, and when some horsemen became indistinctly visible through the gloom, every revolver was ready in the event of their turning out to be Circassians. But, happily for us, they were Cossacks, in whose sense of locality the Russians put their faith.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

THOU ART THE MAN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "An Open Verdict," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER III.

DRIVEN BY THE FURIES.

Charles Bywater found himself in London with a long spell of idleness before him, very few friends or even acquaintances, a well-filled purse, and a broken heart. The pleasures of the town could offer him no distraction, the vices of the town could not tempt him. His grief was as honest as it was deep. The dream of his life was ended. He had nothing to look forward to beyond his profession, nothing to hope for but the distinction of an honorable career, and perchance to die in a cockpit, like Nelson, while his sailors were fighting over his head.

He ordered a suit of black, and put crape on his hat, having no doubt that the woman he loved was dead.

A week after his return he went to see Phillimore Dorrell, who was shocked at seeing the change in his friend.

"Why, man alive, what have you been doing to yourself?" he exclaimed. "You look as if you had died and come to life again."

"That may well be," answered Captain Bywater, "for the best part of me is dead."

And then he told Dorrell his story, and asked his advice.

"You know more of the dark secrets of this wicked world than any one else," he said, in conclusion. "You may help me to unravel the mystery."

"My dear Bywater, my experience in matters of this kind has led me to take a very commonplace view of such cases. I have found that when a young lady vanishes, she generally knows very well where she is going. I do not believe in mysterious disappearances or undiscovered murders."

"You did not know Helen Leeworthy. She was little more than a child in years, and quite a child in innocence—utterly incapable of double-dealing. It is my firm belief that she was waylaid and murdered within half a mile of her home."

"And all this happened five years ago. I'm afraid, my dear Bywater, if the poor young lady did come to an untimely end at the hand of some ruffian, this will be one of those exceptional murders which go to prove my rule that the generality of such crimes are found out. This is a case which would interest Elyard, as a probable murder that has not come to light. He was here a few nights ago discussing his favorite thesis."

"What a ghoulish temper the man must have to dwell upon such a revolting subject!"

"Well, I grant that his conversation savors somewhat of the charnel-house. I fancy that the hit he has made in that horrible tragedy, *The Venetian Husband*, has given his mind a twist in that direction. He sups full of horrors. But the man is interesting, and he exercises a powerful fascination over me. Not altogether a pleasant influence, I admit. There is something snaky in his eye that chills me when I am most familiar with him. But he is no lump of common clay. He is a being of light and fire."

"So is Lucifer," said Captain Bywater; "but I shouldn't consider him an agreeable acquaintance."

"Oh, my dear Charley, this world is so given over to humdrum, so thickly peopled with a kind of human vegetable, that any man who has intellect and courage enough to be original affords an agreeable variety, no matter what turn his eccentricity takes."

"You might say that of the man who picks your pocket."

"Why, no, Charley; there is nothing eccentric in pocket-picking. It is the commonest thing in life, a recognized profession. Come and sup with me to-night. I have asked Elyard and one or two others. Cast aside care for a couple of hours. Rely upon it, my dear friend, the young lady is safe and sound, and that black suit of yours is an anachronism."

"I wish to Heaven it were so! I'll accept your invitation, though I shall be no better company than the skeleton at an Egyptian feast. I feel interested in this Mr. Elyard."

"Naturally. The man is a genius, and genius is too rare not to be interesting."

Captain Bywater had called at Mr. Thomas Leeworthy's house in Bryanstone Square, and had been informed that the politician was in Paris, and not expected home for a week or ten days. He was not likely to be away longer than the latter period, his butler told the captain, as there was a bill coming before the House in which he was keenly interested.

Captain Bywater had set his heart upon seeing Mr. Leeworthy, though there seemed little hope that Helen's uncle could help him to discover the secret of her fate, having failed in discovering it himself. But then, the captain argued, an uncle's love and a lover's love are as different as lamp-light and forked lightning. The darkness which the feeble glimmer of affection had failed to penetrate might be illuminated to its nethermost depth by the piercing radiance of a passionate love.

It was nearly midnight when Captain Bywater presented himself at his friend's chambers in Gray's Inn—spacious, handsome rooms, with the gloomy grandeur of a departed age. A dozen or so of wax candles lightened the supper table and a circle round it, and left the dark oak walls in profound shadow.

The party consisted of the famous actor and two intellectual nonentities—one a sprouting barrister, whom the great criminal lawyer had taken under his wing, the other a critic on an evening paper.

There was a good deal of conversation at supper, but the host and the critic were the chief talkers. The young barrister habitually agreed with his patron, and always laughed in the right place. Captain Bywater looked on and said nothing. The actor leaned back in his chair, with his thin white hand pushed through his long black hair, and his shining eyes fixed on space. He might be listening intently to the conversation, or his thoughts might be hundreds of miles away. It was impossible to determine which.

"What a wretched supper you have eaten, Elyard!" exclaimed the lawyer, with a vexed air. "Yet that spatch-cock with mushrooms was not bad. And you have hardly tasted my Château Yquem. Do you never eat or drink?"

"I am not a voracious eater," answered Elyard, in his deep and subdued voice.

Presently, when the dishes had been cleared away, and the guests had drawn closer together over their wine, Michael Elyard folded his arms upon the table and looked steadfastly at his host.

Phillimore Dorrell touched the sailor's foot under the table, as much as to say, "Look out for what's coming now."

"Dorrell, did you read that case of a mysterious disappearance in to-day's *Chronicle*?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"And do you still say there are very few murders—none even—that are not eventually found out?"

"Yes, I stick to my colors. But remember I say 'eventually.' In the statistics of crime—"

"Oh, pray don't talk to me about statistics!" cried the actor, impatiently. "I think I know as much about statistics as any man—the statistics of disease, of drunkenness, of crime, of mortality. I went very deeply into statistics at one time of my life."

Charles Bywater held his breath. He sat like a man of stone, and waited for what was coming.

"When you were at the university?" asked Dorrell.

"After I left the university. I assisted in the preparation—nay, I may go so far as to say that I was the chief author—of a very important statistical work—Leeworthy's *Facts and Figures for the People*."

"I understand," said the lawyer; "you did all the work, and Mr. Leeworthy had all the credit—and the profit, if there was any, which I should think was doubtful. *Facts and Figures for the People* is exactly the kind of work I should expect to find uncut in the sixpenny box at a bookstall. But what a clever fellow you must be, Elyard, to change from such dull drudgery as book-making to the glorious triumphs of a famous tragedian!"

"Yes, it is a change for the better," assented Mr. Elyard, with a dismal look; and then he leaned his elbows on the table, and fixed his snaky gaze upon Phillimore Dorrell, and went back to his favorite subject—murder as one of the fine arts. De Quincey had not then written his wonderful essay upon this theme; Burke and Hare, and even the Ratcliffe Highway murderers, were still unknown to fame. Indeed, the art of murder was just then suffering one of those intervals of mediocrity and decadence which are common to all great arts.

Mr. Dorrell warmed with the discussion. His experience was wide in the dark and winding ways of crime. He had many curious anecdotes to tell, and told them magnificently. The timepiece behind him struck half hours and hours, and still Michael Elyard listened, with his steadfast eyes rooted on the speaker, and led him on at every pause with some apposite question. The critic yawned, dozed, waked himself, and took his leave. The barrister listened and approved and drank Burgundy, till his eyes began to blink and grow watery, and at last his chin fell comfortably forward on his breast, his head began to roll starboard and larboard, and his deep and steady breathing to sound like the soothing cadence of summer waves. In all this time Charles Bywater never relaxed his attention.

Just at the close of a dramatic anecdote the clock struck four, and Phillimore Dorrell started up from his chair.

"My dear fellow, I have to be in court at ten this morning," he exclaimed, "and here's Brunton getting absolutely apoplectic. Do you *ever* sleep, Elyard?"

"Sometimes," answered the tragedian, in his dreary voice, "but I don't care much about it. Good-night. Thank you for a most interesting evening. I shall go and have a walk upon the bridges. I am very fond of the Thames at sunrise."

"I shall go to bed," said Dorrell, "and I recommend you to do the same."

Mr. Elyard shook hands with his host, saluted Captain Bywater and the newly awakened barrister with a stately bow, and retired.

Phillimore Dorrell drew aside the dark moreen curtain and let the gray daylight into the room. The candles had burned low in the old silver candelabra. The empty bottles and scattered fragments of the feast had a melancholy look in the chilly morning. The barrister made his adieux and hurried off; the sailor lingered.

"What do you think of him?" asked Dorrell, when he found himself alone with his old schoolfellow.

"What do I think of him? I think he wears the brand of Cain upon his forehead. I know that he murdered Helen Leeworthy."

"My dear Charley, this is midsummer madness."

"Is it? I tell you this man is a murderer. No other than a murderer would thus harp upon the horrid theme, gloating on the knowledge of his iniquity, or else so oppressed by the weight of his guilty secret that he must talk of it, must drag it out to the light of day, must parade it in some form or other before the eyes of his fellowmen. It is demoniac possession—the possession of a monomaniac driven mad by the ever-present vision of one hideous crisis in his past life. He is a man of one idea. Could you not see it in the play? It is all murder from the first scene to the last—a murder contemplated, a murder done. He looks and moves like the shedder of blood."

"If you will speak more calmly," urged Dorrell, as the sailor paced the room, violently agitated.

"Yes, I will tell you all. I want your help."

He explained how from that admission about the volume of statistics he had identified Elphinstone the secretary in Elyard the actor.

"That proves nothing against him," said Dorrell. "You yourself told me that nobody suspected this Elphinstone; that he was active in the endeavor to trace the missing girl."

"A blind to baffle suspicion. I suspect him. I saw in him from the first the possible murderer; I see in him to-night the actual murderer. His own looks, his own lips, confess it. He is a man tormented by the Furies."

"Upon my honor," ejaculated Dorrell, solemnly, "I begin to think that a murder has been done, and that it is going to be found out. That goes to establish my theory."

"Promise me one thing," urged the captain. "Don't let that man know who I am. He must have heard of me at Clerevale as an intimate friend of the family, and he would be on his guard before me. When I next meet him, you can call me any thing you like—Bedford, Browning."

"But I introduced you to him as Captain Bywater."

"You said the name with the usual indistinctness, and there was some little confusion in the room just then. Elyard and your friend the barrister came in together, if you remember. You addressed me as Charley all the evening. No, I don't think he heard my name. So for the future you can talk of me as Captain Browning."

"So be it. I would do more than that to oblige you."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE RED SUNSET.

The long vacation had begun, the courts were closed, and Phillimore Dorrell was taking his summer holiday up the river, between Henley and Reading. He had hired a furnished cottage, and was doing a little reading and a great deal of boating, and keeping open house, in a jovial bachelor fashion, for his chosen friends.

Among these was Charles Bywater—not the liveliest companion in the world, but too much a gentleman to pester his friend with his own particular grief, and too well-informed, unselfish, and true-hearted ever to degenerate into a bore.

He was passionately fond of the Thames, and spent most of his time in the solicitor's wherry, between banks which were even lovelier then than they are now, the perky cockney villa not having yet intruded on the sylvan serenity of the ever-varying shore.

At the cottage Charles Bywater was known as Captain Browning. He had a room kept for him always, and came and went as he pleased.

"News for you, Charley," said Dorrell, one afternoon, when his friend entered the shady little river-side garden, with the dust of the mail-coach road upon his garments—"Elyard is to be here this evening."

"I'm very glad of that. I have been waiting my opportunity."

"The theatre closed last night, after a season of remarkable prosperity. The managers have presented him with a diamond snuff-box. He will be in high feather, no doubt."

"Do you think his triumphs will make any difference in him? I don't. He is tormented by memories that make happiness impossible."

They were to dine at five, and at a few minutes before the hour Mr. Elyard arrived, looking just as he had looked that night in Gray's Inn, and very much as he looked in *The Venetian Husband*. He shook hands with his host, gave the captain a gloomy nod, and before they were half-way through the dinner, at which he ate hardly any thing, began to talk about murder.

A remarkable trial had just taken place at the Lancaster assizes. Four men had been condemned to death for the brutal murder of an old woman and a beautiful girl of twenty. The outrage had been committed at mid-day, in a house at Pendleton, near Manchester—a house within earshot and eye-shot of other houses. The murderers had been seen leaving the house with their booty, they had spent their afternoon at various village taverns, and one of them had made an idiotic display of his plunder on the evening after the crime.

"With common prudence those creatures might easily have escaped the gallows," said Elyard. "It was their own folly that put the rope round their neck."

"The jury felt a natural indignation against the murderers of a feeble old woman and a lovely and innocent girl," said Dorrell. "Had the evidence been less conclusive than it was, the verdict would have been the same. Men's hearts are stronger than their heads in a case of that kind."

"Ay," sighed the tragedian—"young, lovely, innocent, and foully murdered. A hard fate! And in this case passion could plead no excuse. It was not the madness of a despised love that impelled the murderous stroke. The beautiful Hannah Partington was no victim to a revengeful lover. Such a fate would have been euthanasia as compared with hers. A sordid villain, flushed with greed of gain, wanting money to drink and squander in a village tap-room—a wretch without passion or tenderness, without even the capacity for remorse—struck the blow. I would hang such vulgar ruffians high as Haman."

"Would you argue that a despised and rejected love could excuse an assassin?" asked Dorrell.

"The tragedy of passion is sublime, even its darkest depths," answered the actor. "Who ever thinks of Othello as of a common murderer?"

After dinner the three gentlemen strolled out upon the lawn. Phillimore Dorrell ordered the wine to be carried to a table under a willow that dipped its long green tresses into the stream; but Michael Elyard seemed in too restless a humor to enjoy the quiet of the scene.

"You do not appear to appreciate the tranquillity of your first leisure evening," said Dorrell. "I should have thought it would have been an infinite relief to you to find yourself a free man."

"I miss the excitement of the theatre," answered Elyard, with a dreary sigh. "The country is pretty enough to look at in a picture, but the reality is somewhat oppressive."

"Yet you endured a long residence in one of the quietest nooks in all England," said the captain.

"What do you mean?" asked the actor, startled.

"When you were writing your book of statistics at Clerevale."

"Who told you that?"

"Why, man alive, don't look so scared!" cried the lawyer. "It was you yourself who told us the other night at my chambers."

"Ay, to be sure," assented Elyard; "but I did not think I had mentioned the name of the place. It is no matter, though. There is no secret in it."

He passed his long thin hand across his brow, and for a minute or so seemed quite lost. Then his eye wandered slowly round the scene as if he were striving to bring his distracted thoughts back to the present.

"You have a boat, I see," he said, glancing at the wherry moored a little way from the tree.

"Yes, I spend all my leisure upon the river. Would you like a row this evening? There will be a lovely sunset."

"I should like it of all things."

"Then Captain Browning shall row you. I have a post-bag of letters to write; but he is a better sculler than I am."

Elyard gave the captain an uneasy glance, as if he hardly cared for his company, but recovered himself the next moment.

"I shall be much beholden to Captain Browning," he said, in his stately way.

Half an hour later the captain and the tragedian were sitting in the boat gliding quietly upon the placid river, the slow dip of the oars falling with a musical rhythm, both men curiously silent, as if the stillness of the summer evening and the loveliness of the landscape had given a melancholy color to their thoughts.

There was a rosy glow in the west as the sun went down, which gradually deepened to a warm crimson, and intensified with every moment. They had reached a point where the stream narrowed. On the western bank there was a long fringe of reeds, behind which burned the red fires of the setting sun.

Suddenly Charles Bywater left off rowing, and leaned forward upon his sculls.

"A picturesque bit of the river this?" he said, interrogatively.

The tragedian surveyed the landscape slowly with his cold dark eye.

"To my mind neither so picturesque nor so pleasing as other spots we have passed," he answered. "The shores are flat and dull, poorly wooded, too; there is no relief for the eye, no variety."

"But that long line of rushes with the crimson glow behind it," urged the captain, pointing to the western bank; "surely that in itself is a subject for a painter."

"I see no interest in it," said the other, coldly.

"That is strange, for it must recall the scene in your tragedy. Do you not see the resemblance?"

"Yes, now you call my attention to it. There is as much likeness as there can be between a stage-play and reality, between the formal bank of a canal and the unsophisticated shore of a river."

"Does it bring back to your mind no other scene, one which it resembles more closely—the banks of a river in Buckinghamshire—just the same reedy shore, the same red sunset? Does it not conjure up before your eye the river-bank at Clerevale, the spot where you murdered Helen Leeworthy?"

Michael Elyard started up in the boat like a man distraught. He stood gazing at his accuser, dumfounded, horror-stricken, while the light wherry reeled with the jerk he had given it.

"You would plead that you are not as the murderers of Hannah Partington. Helen Leeworthy had rejected, perhaps even scorned, your love. Secretly, stealthily, you had persecuted her with a suit that was odious to her. She threatened, it may be, to inform her relatives of your pursuit, but her gentle nature revolted against doing you this injury. Instead of doing battle with your passion as a man or a gentleman and conquering it, you let your passion conquer you. You abandoned yourself wholly to its sway; you let the devil get possession of you; and then one night you urged, for the last time, your hopeless, unavailing love. You knelt, you entreated, you wept, and she remained cold as marble, and then the devil within you burst his bonds, and you slew her."

"I did!" shrieked Elyard. "These hands slaughtered her; I can feel the white round throat now in their gripe. How the muscles quivered under my clutch! how the fair young form writhed in that brief agony, the strained blue eyes staring at me all the while! God! do you think they have ever relaxed from that awful stare? Day and night, waking and sleeping, I have seen them."

He sank down in a heap at the bottom of the boat, and crouched there, looking straight before him at the swiftly darkening landscape, and muttering to himself, as if unconscious of any other presence than his own.

"When have I ceased to see her?" he groaned. "She has walked beside me in the crowded streets, she has come between me and the faces in the theatre. O Heaven! if there were any spot upon this earth where she could not come—any arid desert, or hill-side cavern, or snow-clad mountain where her image could not follow me—I would go and live there upon bread and water, and let the rain beat upon me and the sun scorch me, and deem it happiness compared with the never-ending agony of the world where she is."

Charles Bywater turned the boat, and began to row slowly back. Elyard never stirred. For an hour there was dead silence. At last, when they were within sight of the lighted windows of the cottage, he seemed to recover his self-possession. He raised himself from his crouching attitude at the bottom of the boat, and quietly resumed his seat.

"What is your motive for ferreting out the secret of my life, and what use are you going to make of it?" he asked.

"I'll answer your last question first. The use I mean to make of my knowledge is to bring you to the gallows. I have a warrant for your apprehension in my pocket."

"And not a vestige of evidence against me," said the other, with a diabolical coolness.

"I will find evidence somehow, now that I have found my man," said the captain. "As for my motive, you will understand that, I dare say, when I tell you my name. I am Charles Bywater."

"Great Heaven!" cried Elyard. "Then it was instinct that made me hate you from the hour we first met."

"No doubt; a prophetic instinct, which told you I was Helen's avenger. You leave this boat my prisoner."

"What if I resist."

"It would be worse than useless. I have been face to face with mutiny more than once in my life, and should not recoil from violence in a case of necessity. You are unarmed, I dare say, while I have a brace of loaded pistols in my pockets. You will be wise to come with me quietly."

"Ay," answered the other, lapsing into an indifferent tone, "I can afford to let you hector it over me for a few hours. You have not a tittle of evidence against me."

"That will be found hereafter."

"Hereafter will not do. The first magistrate before whom you take me will dismiss your accusation with contempt. You are unduly interfering with the liberty of a fellow-subject upon the strength of an unfounded suspicion. My raving just now was a little bit of acting got up on the spur of the moment to deceive you. I wonder you let yourself be taken in so easily."

He rose with a mocking laugh as the nose of the boat ground against the grassy shore by the willow. As his foot touched the shore a strong hand was laid upon his arm, and before he could recover himself from the surprise of that sudden grip he found himself standing between two burly men with both his wrists fettered.

"What does it mean?" he gasped.

"I arrest you on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Helen Leeworthy, whose body was found last week in a hole in the river-bank at Clerevale, with your handkerchief tied round her neck."

"I told you that evidence would be forth-coming," said Charles Bywater.

A week later Michael Elyard was found dead in his cell in the jail at Aylesbury, whither he had been carried after his examination before the magistrates at the market-town near Clerevale. There had been an inquest upon the poor relics of Helen Leeworthy—a skeleton form, some tresses of golden hair, the rotted remnants of garments which were more easily recognized than the person they had clothed. The inquest had been followed by an examination before the magistrates, and coroner and magistrates had alike adjudged Michael Elphinstone, otherwise Elyard, to be the murderer. As Captain Bywater had foretold, evidence was not wanting. A gypsy came forward who had seen the young lady and her assassin together near the spot where those poor remains were found. Another witness had met Elphinstone coming away from the river path looking agitated and well-nigh distraught. Strand by strand a rope was twisted strong enough to hang him. But Michael Elphinstone did not wait for the public hangman and the gaping crowd in front of Aylesbury jail. With his own lean hands he strangled himself in the silence and solitude of his cell, and none knew the hour at which that dark soul took its lonely flight.

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Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

THERE is a sad monotony about the history of love affairs. Two young people of opposite sexes meet—once—twice—thrice. The young man goes away and dreams of the girl's face, and her eyes, and her sweet voice; she is all-delightful to him, her gestures, her walk, her dress. He becomes restless, and hovers about her house and her daily haunts. She begins to think of him, to wonder about him, to think what he would like her to do, to say, to dress like. And so on—we know the rest. But what a pretty thing it is to watch, to practice—once in a life—and to tell! And, after all, the monotony is only in this bald way of putting it. One might as well say that a woman's figure is monotonous because an artist's model resembles it, and all artists' models are alike. One might as well say of the sea that it is monotonous; or of the sky, that it never changes; or of a hill-side covered with hanging woods, that its contours pall upon the eye.

How was it, however, with the Idle Apprentice?

The boy was junior clerk in the great firm of Ferris and Halkett, with better chances than most of the juniors, because he knew French and German. The house paid him forty pounds a year for his services; Mr. Pomeroy allowed him an additional forty. On eighty pounds a year a boy of seventeen ought to be able to live; at least a great many do. You pay six or seven shillings a week for your rent of one room and permission to use a common sitting-room; breakfast costs about half a crown a week; washing, eighteenpence; dinner must be got somehow into a shilling a day, with, perhaps, eighteenpence for Sunday; sixpence a day more for tea and supper is all that can be spared. There remain exactly twenty-two pounds sixteen shillings for clothes, amusements, and "sundries." Or, if you get your clothes into fifteen pounds a year, there remains the sum of seven pounds sixteen shillings, or nearly sixpence a day, for things not absolutely necessary. That is luxury!

Young Langton, either from residence in Germany, though that is unlikely, or from a natural inclination to extravagance, did not by any means manage to make the sixpence a day cover all expenses. Very far from it; and in the course of a short twelvemonth he not only got through that sixpence a day, but also through thirty pounds which he had got from his sister. He acquired, besides, a gentlemanly manner of establishing a system of tick with tailors and shoe-makers, so that he was not only the best-dressed among the juniors of Ferris and Halkett's, but none of his clothes were paid for. This advantage, which gave him so much more money to spend, enabled Will Langton to extend his knowledge of life by joining in its amusements, which he did chiefly under the introductory patronage of his brother clerk, Ernst Kugel.

Kugel, a young man of two-and-twenty, a German by birth, had been long enough in England to speak English perfectly. It was in England, indeed, that he acquired those habits and tastes which marked him out as occupying a position far beneath his merits. What was a hundred and twenty pounds a year to a youth who dreamed day and night of wealth, which, mind you, he would not hoard, economize, or lay out to any absurdly useful or beneficial enterprise, but would spend, and spend royally, upon himself? It has often occurred to me, considering the aims of many young men, that a form of thanksgiving might be usefully framed and adopted in all our churches for the fact that most young men are poor. Heaven help the world—if the world continues as it is—should the majority of young men be born rich, or, which is another thing, should riches be showered suddenly upon young men as they are! Think of London clerks unexpectedly all together finding themselves each in the possession of a large income, with nothing to do. Think what a sweet and lively paradise they would make of London, with music-halls in every street, a Cremorne in every garden square, every theatre the home of burlesque, monster "comiques" the leaders of fashion, and the manners of Margate transferred to the uncongenial stones of Bond Street.

Ernst Kugel hoped to arrive at this end, not by inheritance, which was absurd, nor by steady industry, which was equally absurd, but by short and easy methods. For one thing, he betted on horses. Whenever he had a pound to spare, he laid it on some animal about whom he had previously received a tip of the straightest kind. This amusement, while it occasionally gave him a pocketful of money, kept him habitually in the direst depths of poverty and debt. Of course he took whatever credit he could get, and, of course, he abused that confidence and broke his faith. He was, in a word, one of the very worst specimens that London can show of the clerk who is at once cad and snob, crafty and unscrupulous. He drank as much beer, or any thing else, as he could lay his hands upon; he smoked as much tobacco as the office hours and those spent in sleep would permit; his views on all subjects were low and earthly; his opinions on all men were mean and base; he was the very worst companion that poor young Langton could have. And yet, because Langton was innocent, fond of amusements, and frank, Kugel fixed upon him for his victim, and began to teach him all he knew himself.

Kugel was handsome, in a way. His German face was of a type common enough, but pleasant, according to the design of Providence. He had long light brown hair and bright blue eyes; he was rather above than below the middle height; he wore a mustache, but no beard or whiskers; his face showed few signs of his debauched life, save for the twitching of the muscles; but his figure was already rather bloated, and his "condition" prematurely bad; his shoulders were round, and he stooped a little as he walked.

See him now, stepping out of the office at half past five, with young Langton beside him. Mark the contrast between them. It is in the expression rather than in the features themselves that the elder clerk's evil life has marked itself. There you may mark the stamp of vicious thoughts and vicious habits. Their seal upon the brow of man is so common that you hardly notice it as you pass it along the street, unless you see at the same time another face, that of an innocent boy, or a man whose thoughts are set on higher things. Young Langton had known his friend for a month or so only, and has had as yet no time to lose the freshness of his expression. He has a bright and eager face; it is like his sister's, but there is a weakness in the mouth and chin which she has not; and the boy's head is flung back in a careless way, which may mean in some the deficiency of conscious strength, or it may mean, as it means with him, the insouciance of one whose thoughts are far away from the dull routine of work.

The fact is, that as Ernst Kugel should have been born rich, in order to give the world an awful example of how money should not be spent, so Will Langton should have been born rich, so as to show the world what a curse idleness may really be. He hated offices and office work; he detested the drudgery of quill-driving; he longed for the half-holiday to come again; he thought the noblest thing of all was to be born with no necessity for work. He had not, you see, read Rabelais, who would have taught him that necessity is the first great master of arts.

Once out of the hated office, both young men fill and light wooden pipes. It is not that young Langton wants to smoke—in fact, he does not smoke except when he is with his friend; but there is a certain grandeur and independence of walking along the street, pipe in mouth.

"Where are we going to-night?" asked the boy.

"Well, we went to the Lion and Unicorn last night. I don't think we want two nights' running of that entertainment, in spite of the ballet. Let us have a little pool. Have you got any money?"

"I've got ten shillings," says the boy.

"That will be more than we shall want," replied his mentor. "I'll show you how to double the pool, my boy."

"I say, Kugel," Langton went on, with an anxious expression, "if Cassandra doesn't win—"

"Nonsense! she's bound to win. Didn't the trainer's own first cousin tell me there was nothing that could stand against her? Hasn't she gone up from twenty to one, when I got the tip, to six to one?"

"If she doesn't, I'm cleaned out," Will persisted, with a half laugh.

"Never mind; go to your sister. She'll lend you more money."

Will shook his head.

"Poor Lettice! She's given me three-quarters of her allowance already. I can't get any more from her. And then they're dunning me about the things I got on tick."

"I know. Come, don't anticipate trouble. If Cassandra wins I pocket a cool hundred, and you, my boy, twenty. Make up your mind that she's going to win. Think of winning twenty pounds. And now what are you going to have?"

They were in front of a coffee-house.

"I'm going to have a cup of coffee and a roll," said Langton.

"I'll wait for you, then. I am going to have a gin and bitters. Then we'll find out the fellows and have our little pool."

An evening spent in a low, badly ventilated billiard-room, the first floor of a public-house: for companions, ten or a dozen clerks of the same stamp as Ernst Kugel. Tobacco all the evening, with bad beer. Result of the entertainment: the loss of eight out of the ten shillings, slight improvement in skill at billiards, a headache, a shaking hand, and increased readiness to laugh at things evil and sneer at things good.

Surely Hogarth had this sort of thing in his mind when he presented the Idle Apprentice playing heads and tails on the tombstone, and behind him, as we know, the beadle.

CHAPTER V.

A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

IT was gone half past three in the afternoon when young Langton stepped briskly out of the great warehouse of Ferris and Halkett, buttoning his coat across his chest. There was good reason that it should be buttoned tightly, because in the breast pocket he had a bagful of notes and gold, which it was his duty to take to the bank—this tolerably important trust being, as every one knows to be the custom in our mercantile houses, confided to the youngest, and therefore the least trustworthy, clerks. In his own desk was a book in which were entered the numbers of the notes, and the amount in gold. The bank was in Lombard Street, the warehouse of Ferris and Halkett in one of the narrow streets which lie between Cheapside and the new thoroughfare of Queen Victoria Street. There was thus a short walk of ten minutes between the office and the bank.

Will Langton did not look happy on this November afternoon. Like many an older and consequently worse man, he was in debt, and being dunned for money which he had not; like many an older and more foolish man, he had been living in a fool's paradise. That Cassandra should win the Cambridgeshire Stakes; Cassandra, Kugel's straightest and most trustworthy tip; Cassandra, on whom, by Kugel's advice, he had laid, when the odds were twenty to one, the last sovereign that was left of Mr. Pomeroy's allowance and his sister's gifts; Cassandra, who had been rising steadily day after day till she stood at six to one, and backers were plenty at the price—had been to him for the last three weeks a "moral;" nor did it come home to him until that day, the very day of the race, that there was just a chance for Cassandra to come in somewhere after the first. And all day long he had been trying to realize his position in case of that disaster actually happening.

Of course that disaster was bound to happen. Did any one ever hear of a single case where a bankrupt man rested his hopes upon a prize in a lottery, the winning of a horse, the accidental determination of a chance in his favor, and of that lucky chance turning up? It is certainly open to say that no sane man would so ground his hopes; it is also open to say that the line between sanity and insanity is a good deal confused, and also, if that goes for any thing, that there is much humanity in man.

Will Langton was that bankrupt and that fool. The winning of that one horse seemed to him the